The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish a book of stories for children by the late Professor Drummond, with illustrations by Louis Wain.

The new uniform edition de luxe of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to commence publishing this month will, in the arrangement of the stories and poems, follow that of Messrs. Scribners' Outward Bound edition.

Mr. Anthony Hope sails for America at the end of the month, and has, we understand, signed a contract with Major Pond to lecture in the States during the months of October, November, and December. Mr. Hope expects to be back in England towards the end of January next, when it is probable that his new story, "Simon Dale," now running serially in the *Queen*, will be published in book form.

Amongst books of the first importance to be published in the spring of next year we may mention a new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has just completed the manuscript of a new short story entitled "A Millionaire's Marriage," and we understand that this story and a short novelette by Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) will be amongst the attractions of the forthcoming Christmas number of *The Lady's Pictorial.*

It has been found impossible adequately to illustrate Mrs. Clifford's new book for children and get it ready in time for the forthcoming autumn season. Under these circumstances the publication of the book has been postponed until next year.

On September 22nd, in time for the Church Congress, will be published the first number of the *Anglican*, a new illustrated review of the Church of England. The *Anglican* will be issued monthly, price one shilling, and will be fully illustrated. It will contain theological and literary articles, biographical sketches, records of travel, articles on Church questions of the day, descriptive notes on churches ancient and modern, and on antiquarian and archæological subjects. The special feature in each number will be an article on some diocese of the Anglican Communion specially written by the Bishop for the pages of the *Anglican*, and fully illustrated. We understand it is the proud boast of the editor that he has promises of contributions from no less than fifty Bishops. The Dean of Canterbury will write on "St. Augustine and the Conversion of England" for the first number, which will also contain an article by Mr. Baring-Gould on "St. Paul and Justification."

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel is to be entitled "Roden's Corner," and as at present arranged, will be published serially both here and in America in *Harper's Magazine.* It will afterwards be published in book form in America by Messrs. Harper Bros., and in this country by Mr. Merriman's publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

Miss Montresor's forthcoming novel, "At the Cross Roads," is her first long effort since her very successful story, "Into the Highways and Hedges." She has been engaged in writing it for more than a year, and those who have read the manuscript consider it the best work she has done. It will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson in October.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new book, to be published in the early spring of next year, will be his novel "Shrewsbury," now running serially in the *Idler*, and not a volume of stories, as was announced some little time ago.

We hear that Mr. Max Pemberton's serial, entitled "The Phantom Army," now running in *Pearson's Weekly*, is proving very attractive, and that its publication has been so satisfactory to the proprietors that they have commissioned Mr. Pemberton to write a series of stories for publication in their magazine during next year.

Mr. Allen Raine, whose book, "A Welsh Singer," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is looked on by some competent judges as a coming writer of Welsh fiction. Some time ago he was awarded a prize by a leading N. Wales paper for the best story of Welsh life, which was afterwards reluctantly refused, for it had evident merit, by a London publisher. The newer tale, a much longer one, has been sent out by Messrs. Hutchinson with the highest hopes, and both Mr. Appleton and Mr. Lippincott, who have read it, expressed a desire to publish it in America, the offer of the former being accepted.

Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill, which was read a third time in the House of Lords just at the close of the session, is a very important measure. It has yet to pass through the House of Commons, but in all probability next year will see some definite legislation on the subject on the general lines laid down in the present measure. The history of the copyright question in Parliament is a history of delays. In 1878, there was a Royal Commission on Copyright, as a result of which a bill was introduced by

Lord John Manners. This measure never advanced beyond the preliminary stages, but in 1891 Lord Monkswell again endeavoured to legislate upon the Commission's Report. The bill was read a second time and then dropped. Now, again thanks to Lord Monkswell, the measure has advanced another stage, and after twenty years there is every prospect that the Commission of 1878 will bear some fruit.

That some new legislation is badly needed is at once apparent. Literature, especially periodical literature of all kinds, has made such gigantic strides during the last fifty years that the principal Copyright Act, which was passed as far back as 1842, is now altogether antiquated and inadequate. In the memorandum to the present act it is stated that since the passing of the Act of 1842, "magazine copyright has probably increased a hundred fold in value and importance, both to authors and publishers, much literature of high merit being constantly published in the first instance in magazine form." The portion of the Act of 1842 which deals with the subject is expressed in such obscure language as to be practically unintelligible, and defers the author's right of separate publication to the end of a period of twenty-eight years. It is now proposed that that section should be repealed, and that, in the absence of any agreement in writing to the contrary between the publisher and the author, magazine copyright should be vested in the author, subject to two qualifications: (1) The owner of the magazine shall have the sole right of publishing the article or story as part of the magazine, but not otherwise; (2) The author shall not publish the article or story in separate form until after the expiration of three years from its first publication in the magazine. The only exception is to be found in the case of encyclopædias and other collective works, where the copyright is vested in the publisher.

With regard to copyright in lectures and sermons, it is proposed to amend the law very considerably. The Lectures Copyright Act of 1835 gives to the lecturer the sole right of publication, but requires a preliminary notice to the justices of the peace. It did not apply to sermons. It is now proposed to abolish this curious formality and to give the lecturer and preacher the copyright in his lecture, address, or sermon. A newspaper report will not be deemed an infringement of this copyright unless the lecturer give public notice that he prohibits the lecture being reported. In future it will therefore be possible for the lecturer or preacher to stop any report of his utterances from appearing in the daily or weekly press.

One of the most important clauses deals with the difficult question of abridgment. In future the copyright held by the author will carry with it the right to abridge; no abridgment can be issued without the author's consent, and even should he consent to an abridgment being made by some third person he can have a disclaimer of his authorship printed on the title-page of such a work. Unfortunately no specific mention is made of the law as to extracts from copyright books printed in reviews, but it is generally understood that should they constitute what to all intents and purposes is an abridgment of the book it will be open for the author to take action under this section.

With regard to the dramatisation of novels, the new law is particularly explicit. At present there is practically no copyright in ideas. It is easy for any person to take the whole plot of a novel and "practically reproduce the novel itself in dramatic form" without legal infringement of copyright, and there is at present no law against what Lord Monkswell calls "the novelisation of dramas." It is for this reason that novelists who intend to dramatise their works arrange the rather ridiculous "copyright performance" immediately the novel is published. The new law will do away with this formality by giving to every novelist the absolute right to dramatise his own novel and to every dramatic author the right to rewrite his play in the form of a novel.

The last clause of the bill is of great importance to publishers, and deals with the vexed question of the date of publication. At the present time it is exceedingly difficult to fix definitely upon this date, and in cases of dispute, especially with regard to the simultaneous publication in the United States, the exact date becomes a question of great moment. It is now proposed that when a copy of a book is sent to the British Museum in accordance with the Act of 1842, the authorities at the Museum should sign a certificate supplied by the publisher setting forth the name of the book and the date of the first publication, and that such certificate should be registered by the authorities, and be regarded as *prima facie* evidence of the publication of the work. This is an easy solution of the difficulty, and will commend itself to all concerned.

An interview with Mr. C. K. Shorter will appear in the *Windsor Magazine* for October.

The *Parthenon* is the title of a new weekly paper which is to appear this autumn. It will be an educational journal devoted to the interests of past and present university men, schoolmasters, etc., and the chief objects of the paper will be to keep past men in touch with the social and educational life of their old universities, to bring students at home and abroad into communication with one another, to afford full information as to pending scholarships and examinations, and all such other news as may be important or interesting to the scholar. At the same time it is intended to make this journal of such general interest that it will appeal to all readers, quite apart from its primary characteristic as an educational medium. The first number may be expected about the end of October, and the price will be sixpence.

Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling has, we hear, now completed the whole of the decorations which Messrs. Scribners commissioned him to do for publication in the Outward Bound edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works.

We understand that Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will be the book-form publishers of Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's new novel, "Poor Max," at present appearing serially in *The Lady's Pictorial*, and that the same firm will later on issue Mrs. Burnett Smith's "Wyndham's Daughter," the serial publication of which is now concluded in *The Woman at Home*.

An edition of Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," adapted for military students, by Lieut-Colonel G. S. Clarke, K.C.M.G., will be issued shortly by Messrs. Blackwood.

Sir Walter Besant is busy completing a number of articles dealing with South London, which the proprietors of the

Pall Mall Magazine recently commissioned him to write, to follow his admirable series on "Westminster" which they published in their magazine some little time ago.

Sir Walter Besant's literary agents have secured an unusually wide circulation for his article, "A Day of Race." Sir Walter was naturally anxious that the article should be seen by as many English-speaking people as possible, and this end seems to have been successfully achieved. In this country it was published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and quotations from it appeared in many of the daily papers. It was published simultaneously in newspapers all over the United States and Canada, in Australia and South Africa. We have also seen it in English newspapers published in centres so far east as Calcutta, Singapore, and Shanghai.

Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) is living at Dieppe, to which sea-side resort she dedicates her latest volume. The Dieppois press seem to appreciate the compliment highly, says a correspondent, the dedication having been translated in all the local papers. Mrs. Stannard's special debt of gratitude to Dieppe appears to be that her husband has greatly benefitted by his residence there. Mr. Stannard is the honorary secretary of the Dieppe Golf Club, which has added a great attraction to the place. Many French people have taken with enthusiasm to a game which they describe as "le golflinks." Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is also staying—though not permanently—at Dieppe, working at some illustrations for Mr. Leonard Smithers.

Admirers of Marie Corelli will look forward to the publication of the "Marie Corelli Birthday Book," which is being handsomely got out at 3s. 6d. and 6s. This book will contain the first portrait of Miss Corelli which has appeared. The publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson, have found her most reluctant to break through her rule of allowing no portrait of herself to appear anywhere. Miss Corelli recognised, however, that for a birthday book a portrait was almost necessary. The book will be illustrated by twelve full-page drawings of Miss Corelli's heroines.

Among Messrs. Hutchinson's authors of the season is the Countess of Warwick, who has edited and written an introduction to the story of the life of Joseph Arch. This book will not appear till late in the autumn.

Other books on Messrs. Hutchinson's list are "The Savage Club Papers," edited by J. E. Muddock; and "Picturesque Dublin," by Frances Gerard. This latter is the first really important work on Dublin which has ever appeared. Among the novels are "Woman and the Shadow," by Arabella Kenealy; "The Ne'er-do-Weel," by Annie S. Swan; "The Prince of Mischance," by Tom Gallon; "The Lady Charlotte," by Adeline Sergeant; "The Sinner," by Rita; and "A Lonely Little Lady," by Dolf Wyllarde, a story in the style of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The serial publication of a new story by Mr. Pemberton, entitled "A Woman of Kronstadt," begins in the January number of the *Windsor Magazine*.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. will in the early spring publish a new novel by Mrs. Cotes, entitled "A Voyage of Consolation."

Mrs. Cotes has recently completed the manuscript of a new short novel, entitled "The Hesitation of Miss Anderson."

Mr. E. Livingstone Prescott, the author of "In Scarlet and Steel," has written a new novel entitled "Dearer than Honour," which we believe also deals with military life.

Mrs. Olive Schreiner sailed for her African home on the 23rd of last month.

Miss Ada Cambridge has just delivered to her English publishers the manuscript of a new novel to which she has given the title of "Mater Familias."

Messrs. Blackwood will publish a novel entitled "Entombed in Flesh," by Mr. M. H. Dziewicki, author of "The Cemetery of the Lilies."

Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban asks us to contradict that portion of the paragraph in our August number which described his new romance as being "evidently influenced by Mr. Anthony Hope," a writer, however, for whom he expresses admiration. As the book is still wrapped in the secrecy of proof, the statement was certainly premature.

Mr. H. J. St. Benno-Cunliffe, of 20, Eaton Gardens, Hove, asks if any of our readers can furnish him with the name of a book, and its publisher, where he can read the legend of La Dame à la Licorne.

Mark Twain is at present resting in Switzerland.

Among the novels in Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson's list are Mr. H. G. Wells's new romance, "The Invisible Man," "The Raid of the Detrimental," by the Earl of Dysart, "The Skipper's Wooing," by Mr. W. W. Jacob, and "The Iron Cross," by Mr. R. H. Sherard. The same firm will publish "In Joyful Russia," by Mr. J. A. Logan—a work dealing with the brighter aspects of Russian life.

Still another Shakespeare! Pearson's "Shakespeare," edited by Howard Staunton, with 824 illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., will be published early in September. It will be in three volumes; price one guinea the set.

Mr. Gilbert Parker is at Karlsbad.

The publication of M. Daudet's new novel, "Soutien de Famille," a work on which he has been engaged for a considerable time, is indefinitely postponed. It is, of course, an open secret that the author of "Jack" has drawn very extensively on contemporary history for the plots of his various novels, and it is understood that "Soutien de Famille" contains the life history of two well-known Parisians. He has in this instance decided not to publish the book during the lifetime of his hero.

Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., have in preparation a new two-shilling series of novels by well-known authors, to be entitled "Latter Day Stories." The first two issues will be "Van Wagner's Ways," by W. L. Alden, and "An Episode in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Sir Richard Burton's "Human Sacrifice among the Eastern Jews" will be ready very soon. Messrs. Hutchinson are the publishers.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JULY 26TH TO AUGUST 21ST, 1897.

The art and craft of the bookseller have not been in demand to a very large extent during the past month. The money spent by the holiday-making public does not find its way into the coffers of the needy bookseller. Still, the dull season is nearly over for another year, and the re-assembling of the schools, though a trifle later this year, will be the harbinger of busier times.

Trade outside the United Kingdom seems to be going on in a satisfactory manner, although the continued issue of colonial editions of the leading new books, at a comparatively nominal price, does not tend to help matters.

As may readily be imagined "The Christian," by Hall Caine, is the leading six-shilling novel. It is selling in very large numbers, and it needs to do so if the publisher is to be recouped the cost of the copyright, particulars of which have appeared in the press. This is the only six-shilling novel that calls for any comment.

The demand for Prince Ranjitsinhji's Jubilee Book on Cricket has shown in some measure the hold that the national game still has on the heart of the people. Several editions of the work have already been sold, the publishers being at times unable to supply the orders in hand.

For some reason or other, probably on account of the holidays, enquiries for theological literature are at a considerable discount. Books of this nature have nearly dropped out of the orders received for the present.

The Publishers' Association are still busy with the question of curtailing the discount on new books. It is difficult to see how they can prevent underselling unless they limit the output of books, which is doubtful, if not impossible.

A considerable quantity of magazines are still issued every month. The *Quiver*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Pearson's Magazine*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Woman at Home*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and *Chambers' Journal* are among the principal favourites. There are few new periodicals being issued at present. These are usually more abundant earlier in the year.

The report for this month is really the most difficult one of the whole year to draw up as the trade generally presents so few features.

The appended list of new books gives a fair idea of the kind of literature that finds favour with the public for the moment. As usual the selections are based upon actual business done, and may be taken as correct :—

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.
Equality. By E. Bellamy. 6s.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
Dracula. By B. Stoker. 6s.
The Fascination of the King. By G. Boothby. 6s.
Salted with Fire. By G. Macdonald. 6s.
The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore. By H. Godfrey. 3s. 6d.
The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
While the Billy Boils. By H. Lawson. 5s.
Quo Vadis? By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacob. 3s. 6d.
Mrs. Oliphant's Works. 2s. 6d. edition.
How Money Makes Money. By Duncans. 2s. 6d.
Life in Early Britain. By B. C. A. Windle. 3s. 6d.
The Ascent of Man. By H. Drummond. 3s. 6d.
Some One is Coming. By J. MacNeil. 2s. 6d.

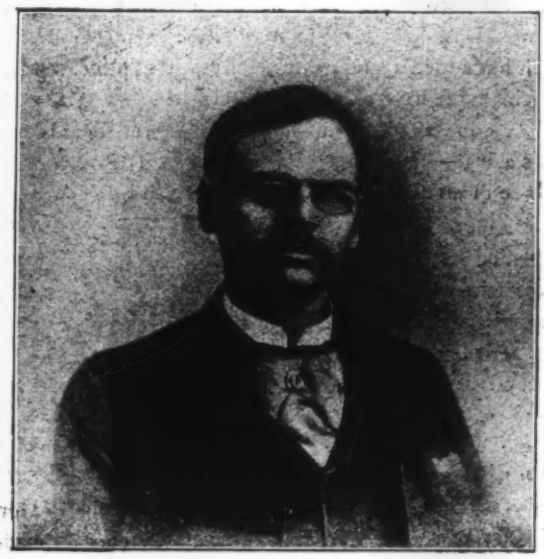
WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 31, 1897.—A moderate trade in miscellaneous goods, with magazines added to improve matters. Home and colonial business very good.
Aug. 7, „ —A typical holiday week, improving towards the end. Export departments a little easier.
„ 14, „ —A quiet week, probably one of the quietest of the year. A steady business still doing in foreign and colonial departments.
„ 21, „ —Another quiet week, but a slight improvement on the last. Foreign and colonial orders about the same.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THERE is a very living literary movement in Canada, struggling as yet, but showing distinct promise especially on the poetical side. The only familiar name among the Canadian poets to most of us is that of Mr. Bliss Carman.



MR. WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

But some of his fellow pioneers are well known in the States, among them Mr. Wilfred Campbell, a contributor to all the prominent literary magazines, and author of several volumes of verse. Born in Canada in 1861, and educated in Ontario and Cambridge, Mass., he began early to contribute to the American magazines, receiving much encouragement from American men of letters, especially from Mr. Howells during his editorship of the *Cosmopolitan*. One of his poems, which appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, "The Mother," attracted much attention, and—fortunate Canadian poets!—a post was found for him in the Civil Service, which assured him bread and butter, and yet left him leisure for writing. He has published three volumes of verse, "Lake Lyrics," "The Dread Voyage," which contains his most striking work, and "Mordred and Hildebrand, A Book of Tragedies." Mr. Campbell's ambition is all towards the poetic drama, for the stage, and he has received encouragement from actors to persevere in it. But a mere lover of poetry will like his lyrics best.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE accounts of M. François Coppée's illness appear to be greatly exaggerated. Certainly, he is forced to keep to his room—indeed, for the most part, to his bed—but he is at any rate well enough to continue his journalistic work. I have just read in *Le Journal* his weekly article, published to-day. It certainly does not read like the utterances of a man struggling with death. Nor does it read like dictated work, which is always so easily recognizable.

Monsieur Goron's Memoirs, still running in *feuilleton* in *Le Journal*, are particularly interesting just now, for these chapters deal with the experiences of the ex-Chef de la Sureté with the Anarchists. M. Goron was at the head of the police during all the great Anarchist troubles in Paris, and effected the capture of Ravachol, Henry, and others. I saw him on the night of the explosion at the Café Véron, and I never saw any man in a greater state of excitement. It was an interesting physiological study. His chapter dealing with this Café Véron disaster, by the way, has not yet appeared. I am looking forward to it with special interest, and this is the reason why. On the morning of the day on which it occurred Robert Barr, the novelist, was calling on me at the Rue Lafayette—it was in 1892—and asked me to tell him how to get to the Café Véron, which at that time was under police surveillance. I told him that he would do much better not to go there, as it was certain that the café would be blown up. I said, "It may happen at any time." Barr said, "Oh, then I must make haste to see it." He went off with an American friend, both carrying kodaks, and entered the café and spent some time there. The same evening the place was blown to smithereens, and the proprietor and others killed. Barr has often expressed his surprise that "two suspicious-looking strangers carrying mysterious boxes" (the kodak-cases) "shouldn't have been stopped and interrogated," and still greater surprise that after the fatal occurrence no inquiries seem to have been made as to the identity of the two strangers. I told Barr that no doubt the police had followed him to his hotel and knew all about him, but we are both looking out for Goron's chapter on this outrage to see if any reference is made to the two mysterious strangers. Apropos, it will be remembered that in his series of stories published under the title "Revenge," Barr describes how such an outrage was committed with no danger at all to the perpetrator—a story no doubt suggested to him by his visit to the ill-fated Café Véron.

It is not yet certain whether the *héritiers* Goncourt will or will not appeal against the judgment by which, in their attempt to upset Edmond de Goncourt's testament, they were non-suited. It is, of course, open to them to do so. In the meanwhile, Alphonse Daudet, as the executor of the will, is busying himself with the preliminary arrangements of the foundation of the Goncourt Academy. Certain persons—other than those nominated as Goncourt Academicians—have to be elected by the vote of the nominees, and names are already being speculated about. It will be interesting to see who the candidates will be, for candidacy to the Goncourt Academy expresses the contempt of the candidate for the "other place"—the French Academy—and his renunciation of all intention or wish ever to figure among the Forty Immortals. For no Goncourt Academician can ever stand for the French Academy. One wonders how many serious men of letters will be willing to barter their chance of the high distinction of the palms for the pension which is attached to the Goncourt foundation. Léon Daudet will, no doubt, be a candidate, and, equally without doubt, will be elected. I have understood him to say that he will carry on against the French Academy the family feud of which "L'Immortel" was the expression. His father once said to me: "I sha'n't try to influence Léon, but I don't think that he would ever care to see a Daudet in the Academy." The first *déjeuner* of the neo-Academicians is to be held shortly, and for the convenience of M. Daudet, who cannot travel with any comfort, will take place at an *auberge* near Champrosay, his country seat. I am afraid—from my knowledge of *auberges* in that part of Seine-et-Oise in general, and of the *auberges* near Champrosay in particular—that the banquet will have to depend for its success on the flow of soul rather than on the gastronomical appeal. Mr. Strong, who writes for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaks, I see, in connection with this *déjeuner* of the excellent *piccolo*, or *petit vin du pays*, which is to be had there. I fancy that he has never tasted it. The wine of Seine-et-Oise is living on its reputation. It may have been good under Louis XV. Nowadays it is said of all wine which grows between Paris and the frontier of Burgundy, that it takes two men to drink it—one to do the actual drinking and the other to hold him whilst he does so. The new Academicians are not to wear any uniform and are not to be solemn. Daudet proclaims himself distinctly "anti-solennel."

The hero of the day in this connection is M. Poincaré, the ex-Minister, who pleaded on behalf of the executors of the Goncourt will, and who, by a brilliant oration, won a cause which had practically been despaired of. Monsieur Poincaré is a very able man. He was a Minister at the age of thirty-three, and as a Minister particularly distinguished himself by the marked favour which he showed to men of letters and artists, who till then had not enjoyed much recognition from the Republican Government. It was he who obtained for Edmond de Goncourt—and who presented it to the master at the famous Goncourt banquet—the officer's rosette so long denied to him.

George Charpentier, the publisher, by the way, has just been promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honour—a very high distinction, on which M. Charpentier is receiving the warmest congratulations of the French literary world. He certainly merits the honour, for no more popular publisher ever lived in France. It will be remembered that he financed Emile Zola at the time when Zola was a poor man and had begun his writing of the Rougon-Macquart series of novels.

Monsieur Henry Becque, the dramatist, is a candidate for Meilhac's vacant *fauteuil*. He is almost certain of election, in spite of previous defeats. Becque has never quite come to his own as a dramatist. He is, perhaps, too much a psychologist to achieve great popular success in this field. Yet his "Corbeaux" was a very powerful work.

It is needless, perhaps, to say that Emile Zola is a candidate also for the Meilhac *fauteuil*.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

THE READER.

LIVING POETS.

VI.—MR. W. B. YEATS.

"Your shadow falls,
O Weeping Willow of the World, O Eri,
On this the loveliest daughter of your race,
Your leaves blow round her."

MODERN Ireland has produced nothing so exquisitely Celtic, intense, and lovely as Mr. Yeats' poetry, or so inherently Irish. It has no need to protest itself Irish by an obtrusive patriotism, by the wearing of the green upon its sleeve, since its very soul is Irish. It is not a spray of plucked shamrock, but the shamrock itself alive and dewy, growing naturally (without, so to say, the self-consciousness of being an emblem) on its native sod. Mr. Yeats has brooded upon Ireland, upon her legends, her sorrows, her peasantry, her scenery, till, like the brooding sibyl, he is inspired and the soul of his country sighs through his verse. He has heard the beating of her heart, far-withdrawn as his Sad Shepherd in that valley of ethereal stillness:—

"And in a far-off gentle valley stopping,
Cried all his story to the dewdrops glistening,
But naught they heard, for they are always listening,
The dewdrops, for the sound of their own dropping."

One distinctively Irish note of his poetry is his love for the very soil of Ireland. The love of the English poet for his country is love of its characteristics or of its institutions, of its freedom, of its greatness, sometimes of its people, but never, or hardly ever, of its soil. The sacred soils of the English poet are foreign and far off—Greece, Italy, Palestine; but to the Irish peasant Ireland is Mecca and its very stones sacred as Kaaba. A poor peasant woman who was shovelled during the Famine out of Limerick into the slums of Liverpool—where she soon died—interrupted the priest's exhortations to fix her thoughts upon the world for which her soul was just poised for flight, with the dying question, "Father, will my soul pass through Ireland?" The very soil of Ireland is to the Irish peasant, "dear as the ruddy drops that visit his sad heart," and in exile he is ever wistful with the yearning expressed in one of the most exquisite of Mr. Yeats' poems, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree":—

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight is all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of linnets' wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

Now Mr. Yeats' poetry "gives a very echo to the seat" where this love of the soil itself is throned in the heart of the Irish peasant. And he has his reward. This sense of the sacredness of the soil of his own country gives not raciness only, but also a vividness to his poetry, which shines, a star apart, by its own light, instead of being a pale planetary reflection of the light of other poets.

Another Irish note of Mr. Yeats' poetry, to which also it owes much of its raciness, vividness, and the strength of an Antæus that will not let go its hold of the homely earth, is his choice of the legends of Ireland for subjects. Precious to him as sacred books are the legends of his country, for in them, as in sacred books, is the life of its spirit. What was accidental in the past died with it; what survives impetishably in tale and legend is the essential and immortal part of a people. These tales and legends are the vestute in which its immortal spirit clothes and reveals itself to eyes that look for it in the lowly and lonely places which it haunts. It has so revealed itself to Mr. Yeats, and through him to us, and it has revealed itself for the most part as a spirit ever seeking rest and finding none. The abiding impression left upon you by Mr. Yeats' poetry is an impression like that left upon you with such poignant force in the weird and wonderful poem, "The Man who Dreamed of Faeryland," from which we quote the two opening verses:—

"He stood among a crowd at Drumahair;
His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
And he had known at last some tenderness,
Before earth made of him her sleepy care;
But when a man poured fish into a pile,
It seemed they raised their little silver heads,
And sang how day a Druid twilight sheds
Upon a dim, green, well-beloved isle,
Where people love beside star-laden seas;
How Time may never mar their faery vows
Under the woven roofs of quicken boughs;
The singing shook him out of his new ease.

As he went by the sands of Lisadill,
His mind ran all on money cares and fears,
And he had known at last some prudent years
Before they heaped his grave under the hill;
But while he passed before a plashy place,
A lug-worm with its gray and muddy mouth
Sang how somewhere to north or west or south
There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race;
And how beneath those three times blessed skies
A Danaan fruitage makes a shower of moons,
And as it falls awakens leafy tunes;
And at that singing he was no more wise."

The love of his youth, the cares of his manhood, the quarrels of his age, are all haunted by this unsettling vision, which torments him even in his grave. In his very grave "the worms that spired about his bones with their low and reedy cry" sang the same siren song. Even Mr. Yeats' lovers cannot love with entire abandonment, and the light of love itself in his poems is the light of a sunset, glorious but sad. Here, for instance, is a little poem which has haunted me ever since I read it first:—

"Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand,
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears."

Mr. Yeats will not himself take love or life easy as the leaves grow on the tree, having the heritage of a double melancholy—of his country and of his time. With the rest of us he is the child of an age that looks ever before

and after, that digs down to the roots of the rose, and, like Psyche, forfeits its happiness by a too curious search into its source.

Mr. Yeats, again, is distinctively Irish and yet more distinctively un-English, in his scorn of the theory that poetry should be practical and moral—that Pegasus should be broken to harness to drag the weary car of life up the steep and strait way. The question of the mathematical student, "What proposition is 'Paradise Lost' intended to prove?" seems hardly less pertinent to Mr. Yeats than the question, "What moral lesson is 'Paradise Lost' intended to teach?" Art, he holds, is neither a criticism of life, nor a guide of life, but a revelation of the realities that lie behind life. It is the business neither of poetry nor of Nature, her mother, to write copy-book texts; and Wordsworth's

"One impulse from a vernal wood
Could teach him more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can,"

would seem to Mr. Yeats but the illusion of a child finding faces he knows and loves in the heart of the fire. Art, he believes, has no direct relation with morals, and is so far—to quote his own words—"from helping us to see life wisely or sanely or clearly, as the moralists hold, that it makes us see God, and there is no vision that runs to the head and makes the feet unsure like that."

And as a seer of visions and dreamer of dreams Mr. Yeats is most Irish of all. In his dedication of that fine book, "The Secret Rose," he writes: "So far as this book is visionary it is Irish; for Ireland, which is still predominantly Celtic, has preserved with some less excellent things a gift of vision, which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations. No shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness there is always something there."

Of Mr. Yeats' longer poems "The Countess Cathleen" is the finest, but the most charming, perhaps, is that ethereal fantasy, "The Land of Heart's Desire," and the "captain jewel in the carcanet" is its divine lyric:—

"The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
'When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart must wither away.'"

I have dwelt upon these notes in Mr. Yeats' work not merely because they are distinctively Irish, but also because they are distinctive notes of pure poetry. It is to his advantage—and to ours—that he does not belong to a school which holds "poetry to be a criticism of life," nor to a sect which demands that it should be a teacher of morals, nor to a race which is subject to the iron despotism of fact. The tendency of the Celt "to react," in M. Henri Martin's phrase, "against the despotism of fact," and his eagerness to escape from the grinding realities of life to a land

"Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky,"

are in themselves poetic—if poetry be the turning to shapes the forms of things unknown bodied forth by the imagination and giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. The irresponsible Ariel after enfranchisement by Prospero, couching in the cowslip's bell, flying after summer merrily on the bat's back, nestling under the blossom that hangs on the bough, was a more purely poetic spirit than the accountable Ariel forced to teach moral lessons to the shipwrecked roisterers and to guide their unsteady steps. It is, again, to Mr. Yeats' advantage—and to ours—that while he has derived his art from the culture of great cities, he has derived his inspiration in lonely places, among a primitive peasantry, and from legends which, though still green, have their roots deep down in a haunted past and in the heart of a visionary race.

I ought to add that Mr. Yeats' style, in its suggestiveness, in its music, and above all in its airy grace and delicacy, is also distinctively Celtic. "What's the matter with the old gentleman?" asked a friend of mine of an orange-woman who was gazing intently after an old gentleman tripping lightly up Grafton Street, Dublin. "What's the matter wid him?" she answered. "Yerra look at him! He only touches the ground in an odd place!" This airy, fairy tread is truly Celtic—*Incessu patuit Dea*—and Mr. Yeats' Muse moves so. She is, indeed, in all things a Fairy Muse, and will take us farther away and to a more mystic land than any other of her sisters:—

"Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand."

RICHARD ASHE KING.

R. L. S.'s TWO MOTHERS.

LOUIS STEVENSON, in one of his chance autobiographic glimpses, tells us how he came to accompany his father on an inspection of the harbour lights of Fife. "It was," he says, "my first professional tour, my first journey in the complete character of man *without the help of petticoats*." A great influence had these petticoats in bending his thoughts aright, when he was but a green twig. Their patience, their cheerfulness, flooded the dawn of his life with sunshine, and the very remembrance of these palmy days filled him with joyousness, for, as Sidney Smith says, "If you make children happy, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it." He was a lucky-starred boy. Fortune had gifted him with two sterling mothers, for the nurse to whom he so touchingly dedicated his "Garden of Verses" held a place in his affections only second to one. Along with Mrs. Stevenson, this mother of his adoption, Alison Cunningham, tended him with a care to which he owed his life. His nurse is now the only one of the petticoated angels of his infant life left. Mrs. Stevenson, in May, 1897, was laid beside her husband under the good Scots sods their son had longed to rest below. She had not dreamed she would have wept the eyes that should have wept for her, and had, when left a

widow, transplanted herself and the endeared belongings of her married home to Samoa. When her son died she returned to the Old World for one tie she had left there—her elder sister (the Auntie* of Louis' Verses), who had always been a centre in her family. This Miss Balfour had mothered Mrs. Stevenson in her school days, and now the later generation of orphans she had reared being started in life, she needed her younger sister to be eyes and ears to her, when sight and hearing were failing. Glad were Mrs. Stevenson's old friends when she re-settled in Edinburgh with this senior sister, in a house overlooking river and sea, with one of those unique views which only a city built as Auld Reekie is, can command.

Mrs. Stevenson courageously faced her sorrow. She remained as of yore, bright and calm. Her son, I heard, when a grown man, recall how proud he was of her clear-cut features, her gracious manner when he went, under her wing, to children's parties. He boasted no child at these entertainments had so pretty a mother as he. Hers was a perennial beauty. With her cultured mind, her goodly presence, strangers who latterly met her would not credit she was nearing threescore and ten. The son who had gone before her was the theme she loved to hear others discourse on. Her unceasing interest in everything connected with him, her every thought given so wholly to him, made her listeners realise how great was her loss, how great was her love. She, so "austerely led," had never been otherwise than "well content." When people marvelled at her vivacity, she bravely replied she had surely had small cause to repine with a happy record of married life to dwell on, and forty-five years of her son's companionship granted to her. If her Louis had remained unknown to fame, to hear her speak of him would have drawn about her pleased listeners, for she told with such a spice of wit and graphicness, reminiscences of him, they fastened on the hearer's memory.

ALISON CUNNINGHAM READING THE DEDICATION OF "A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES."

Alison Cunningham came to share with her the care of Louis when he was eighteen months old, and for stark love and kindness she too would have followed him into far countries. "Cummy," as her small charge promptly christened her, hailed from Torryburn, a village of white crowstepped houses, which lies facing the sun on the edge of the Forth. Her people had belonged for generations to this west neuk of Fife, and she had endless tales to tell of its local legendry and historic lore. She knew gruesome facts of resurrectionists who lifted from Torryburn's graveyard and its neighbour, Culross Abbey. Her collection of stories were doubtless a mine of wealth to young R. L. S., for, like her mistress, Cummy had the gift of picturing in words. She had had the advantage of a sound education, for to finish her schooling she went daily to Dunfermline five miles away. This distance she proudly records she covered in a marvellously short time, for Louis's "Comely Cummy," as he called her, along with her refined features, is still trig and active. When she went back for her holidays to red-roofed Torryburn she received and preserved many letters from her charge. Mrs. Stevenson wrote these early epistles to little Loo's dictation. They are full of childish reiterations, hopes that his Cummy will come back soon, and questions as to the people in her old world village she had made him acquainted with by her descriptions. He informs her, "Catherine sleeps in my room because *Papa said it*," and that Papa said it, has an authoritative brevity which even His Majesty Louis the Worshipped did not gainsay. At the end of one letter he signs himself "Your loving Robert Louis Stevenson," but fearing this full and then seldom used title sounded stiff and estranged, he ordered his mother between the "loving" and his baptismal name to insert "little son," knowing that these two short words would act as a magnet on Cummy, and insure her return despite the attractions of that El Dorado he longed to visit—Torryburn. Cummy tells how, when ailing, he would, after tossing sleepless, desire to hear comforting words from Scripture read, to be a rod and staff to him in the darksome, terror-haunted vale of night. Willingly good Cummy complied with his wish, and read till she saw through her "kind voice" he had found rest. In the morning, when he awoke

* "Chief of our Aunts—not only I,
But all your dozen nurslings cry,
What did the other children do,
And what were childhood wanting you?"

refreshed, and the sun shone into his room, he again issued his constant command, "Read to me, Cummy." His nurse, knowing well his fears with the shadows of night had flown away, and the "Old, Old Story" would be laid aside till he again traversed the "uneven land," with well-pretended ignorance would ask, "What chapter will I read to you, my laddie?" But her laddie no longer a saint would be, and with the unhypocritical honesty of childhood replied, "Why, Cummy, it's daylight now; put away the Bible and reach over for that new book of Ballantyne's." Early on him came the desire to write. Cummy depicts how he often slipped his hand into hers when he was a petticoated boy of three and four, and dragged her off to the nursery, signalled to her to lock the door, and putting his finger to his lips to enjoin secrecy, whispered as loud as a stage conspirator, "I've got a story to tell, Cummy; you write it." "He just havered," says Cummy, smiling yet at the recollection of her little lad, whose keen eyes glowed all the darker then in contrast with the childish yellow hair which crowned his hand. Cummy entered heartily into the mystery and conspiracy of the secretive tale-maker. His women-folk were always slavishly good-humoured to their young autocrat, doing his whimsical bidding, when practicable, without hesitation. "I wrote down every word he spoke," says Cummy, "it pleased the bairn, and I read his havers to his mother at the nursery fire." When others spoke of him as the masterly master of his pen, the petticoated guardians of his youth still loved to speak of him as Smout—his father's name for him. They pictured him hiding in the manse garden at Colinton, while they the seekers wandered about pretending they could not see the girlishly-dressed boy in blue, so obviously hidden. Not only "the little feet along the floor" did the mother often chance to hear in after years, but also his piping voice, asking in the childish refrain, "How far is it to Babylon?" as he and his cousins sang by the water door, wondering if they would reach that distant city "by candle light." Cummy kept a journal in these days, in which she registered small Smoutie's first words, his pretty sayings, his precocious chatter, his fertile make-believes. Thinking she was nigh unto death once, she burned this chronicle. "I mind every word he said to me," she says, "and when his mamma and I looked at the photographs of him in the frocks I made for him, we seemed to see him playing about again so happy like." Their minds were so filled with him they never quite realised his own words:

> "For long ago the truth to say,
> He has grown up and gone away,
> And it is but a child of air
> That lingers in the garden there."

"On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed, 'He clung to his paddle,'" Louis said in his first book, "The Inland Voyage." In this watery journey the *Arethusa* had borne him gallantly down the Oise, till it rushed below a fallen tree, and then the canoe absconding, like Absalom's steed, left her skipper entangled in the branches. "Death himself had me by the heels," he wrote, "for this was his last ambuscade, and he must now personally join in the fray. And *still I clung to my paddle.*" The paddle with which he plied his course in life, and steered therewith into our hearts was in reality his pen. He clung to it despite adverse currents, and moreover wielded it with a boyish gaiety of spirit which showed his heroic pluck. "Gladly I lived," he truly sang. His contented, happy temperament he owed in a great measure to the help of the petticoats who shielded his youthful years. They never willingly thwarted or out of laziness refused any reasonable request of the delicate boy they cherished. They petted him without spoiling him. They taught him, despite the many months his feeble health held him captive in the house, *to see*, for as Ruskin says, "Thousands can think for one who can see; to see clearly is poetry, prophecy, religion, all in one."

> "The world is so full of a number of things
> I am sure we should all be happy as kings,"

he wrote, in after life, which was a sentiment he learned when he was a light-hearted ruler of the nursery realm, cheerful if autocratic.

These two fervent smiths who forged this bright sword* of literature had good metal wherewith to fashion their blade and they knew it, for they proudly dreamed of a brilliant future for their little Loo, even when he dictated havers to Cummy. He put up a door-plate on 17, Heriot Row, with "R. L. Stevenson, Advocate," thereon, and they knew his deed box in the Parliament House was guiltless of briefs, and everyone thought he was a born idler, or as he himself said, "base," not to follow the profession of his fathers. They believed he would yet shine. Instead of dry legal pages he was these years preparing to bring into life David Balfour, to resurrect Lord Braxfield as Weir of Hermiston, and brighten our shelves with "Memories and Portraits." His first essays in print, "The Charity Bazaar, "The Pentland Rising," and a few papers in the *Edinburgh University Magazine* (now all so valued by the bibliomaniac) were often read and praised by his first amanuenses and critics. His mother with keen maternal insight early guessed wherein his genius lay, guessed what would be his ablest weapon, and fostered his inclination to hold by the pen as he held by the truant *Arethusa's* paddle. In his Table Talk Shirley bears this out. "It was from this cottage (Swanston) that possibly the most charming of our younger Scottish writers went out into the world to try his luck. Hardly anyone except his mother guessed as yet what was in store. But she was prescient as mothers are."

"Be good yourself—make others happy," Mrs. Stevenson wrote as a motto on a quilt after her signature. "That," she added, as she finished the "happy," "is the Gospel according to R. L. Stevenson." It was a gospel she preached by precept and example, and she took pains to impress it on her little son, so when he grew "well and old," it tided him over many of the ills of life.

Of his "second mother, my first wife," as he called his faithful Alison Cunningham, bereft of her boy and of her mistress, who so generously let her share her only child with her, the mistress who grew into Cummy's best friend, she is left as she with hopefulness says, "not for long." Mrs. Stevenson on her last visit to Cummy's snug home noted the

* "So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while the mother well content."
"Underwoods," by R. L. S.

crape still on her dress which she had donned when the fell news came from Samoa. "Don't take it off, Cummy," she said, as she touched this trapping of woe. She well knew Cummy's mourning was not only an outward sign of grief. These two "angels of his infant life," overcoming their national Scots reserve, had for his sake proudly worn their hearts upon their sleeves, so he who ran might read engraven thereon his first mother's last word on earth—"Louis." EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

SOME BOOKS OF THE AUTUMN SEASON.

INTERVIEWS WITH VARIOUS PUBLISHERS.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

FOR quite two years the reading public has been looking forward to the history of the house of Blackwood on which Mrs. Oliphant was engaged at the time of her death. Messrs. Blackwood's manager informed a representative that the first and second volumes of this work will appear in the middle of October. The exact title is "William Blackwood and His Sons: A History of their Magazine and Friends." Mrs. Oliphant had passed Vol. I. for press, and was engaged upon the revision of Vol. II. when her fatal illness overtook her.

Among the friends and correspondents dealt with in Vol. I. are Sir Walter Scott, Christopher North, Lockhart, Maginn, De Quincey, James Hogg, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Galt, Henry Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling"), Southey, Archibald Constable, and John Murray; and in Vol. II. Sir Archibald Alison, Samuel Warren, Dr. Moir ("Delta"), Douglas Jerrold, "Tom Cringle," Hazlitt, and George Eliot.

"What will be the subject matter of the two volumes?"

"Vol. I. treats chiefly of the establishment of the business and of *Maga* under the direction of the founder of the house; Vol. II. of the firm after the active share in its affairs was taken by William Blackwood's sons:—Alexander, Robert, William (the father of the present head of the business), and John. Vol. II. brings down the history to the point where John Blackwood was left with the business on his own shoulders after the death of his brother William. The concluding volume may be expected in the spring. Vols. I. and II. will contain several portraits etched by F. Huth from paintings and photographs."

"What other books do you expect to bring out between now and Christmas?"

"I can only mention a few of the more important, among which are Mr. R. D. Blackmore's 'Dariel, A Romance of Surrey,' which will appear in book form in the autumn, and will be illustrated by Miss Chris Hammond. Mr. G. W. Steevens' book 'Some Impressions of a Bashi Bazouk: With Edhem Pasha in Thessaly,' which we shall publish immediately, is not a reprint of the *Daily Mail* letters. The letters have been thoroughly revised and extended. The book is illustrated by sketch maps. Mr. Steevens' earlier book 'The Land of the Dollar' published by Messrs. Blackwood last year, is now in its third edition."

One of the most welcome Christmas books will be Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Echoes of Olden Days." This is intended specially for children, and will be illustrated by drawings by H. R. Millar. Messrs. Blackwood are also bringing out Professor Tiele's "Elements of the Science of Religion," being Vol. I. of his Gifford lectures. Another interesting work is "Wild Traits in Tame Animals," by Dr. Louis Robinson. Mr. J. Y. Simpson's "New Lights on Siberia," will also appear at an early date and will be illustrated profusely from photographs taken by the author in the course of his travels through Eastern Russia and Siberia.

The Marquis of Bute's "Arms of the Royal and Parliamentary Boroughs of Scotland" is to be published in a limited impression. There will be ninety illustrations by Mr. H. V. Lonsdale.

The books above mentioned form but a small selection from Messrs. Blackwood's list, which includes several novels. Among them is Mr. Sydney Grier's "Peace with Honour," which will be one of the earliest novels of the season.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Our representative next called on Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, two of whose most important books have been promised for some time. Mr. Lewis Sergeant's "Greece in the Nineteenth Century" will attract considerable attention. "You know, of course," said Mr. Unwin, "that Mr. Sergeant was the secretary of the original Greek Committee and is also of the present Greek Committee, which has been trying to make the terms for Greece as easy as possible. His book, which will be a handsome volume published at 10s. 6d., contains only so much of the original work which appeared at the time of the Berlin Treaty, as is applicable to the present crisis. The chapter on modern Greek literature has been brought thoroughly up to date, and the greater part of the work is entirely new. There will be twenty-four illustrations, some of them rare, and procured through the kindness of a representative of the Greek Government."

"And what of Mrs. Craigie's forthcoming novel, 'The School for Saints'?"

"This novel has taken Mrs. Craigie over two years to write, and in her subject she has broken what is for her entirely new ground. The sub-title is 'Part of the History of the Right Hon. Robert Orange, M.P.' The book is considerably longer than 'The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham.' Mrs. Craigie has tried to revive the political novel, which has fallen out of fashion. Her book is more restrained than Beaconsfield's and less restrained than Trollope's political novels. It is quite true that the hero is meant to represent a real politician who was a prominent figure in the middle of the century."

"Not Sir Robert Peel, I suppose?"

"No, though it looks as if by the name Mrs. Craigie may have wished to mislead the public. I must not say more except that the politician is of the rank of a Prime Minister, and that the author's purpose has been to depict the type of a clever and very conscientious man who chooses the career of politics. Perhaps I may also add that the hero, besides being the shadow of a real statesman, is a kind of Amadis de Gaul, though his career as a nineteenth century politician has naturally a less picturesque setting than that of his prototype."

"Mr. Louis Becke is in London at present," said Mr. Unwin, in reply to a further question, "and is busily engaged on a new work. His 'Pacific Tales,' which we have just published, has been very well received. At present he is engaged on another long collaborated story. His popularity is certainly remarkable. From the time that his first book, 'By Reef and Palm,' appeared, his vogue has never declined."

Mr. Unwin is bringing out a 6s. edition of Mr. Boulger's "Life of General Gordon." Our representative inquired whether Mr. Boulger has modified any of the criticisms on Lord Cromer and other important personages which attracted so much attention when the work originally appeared. "Nothing whatever has been altered," replied the publisher.

On Mr. Unwin's table lay a handsome red book, the first volume of his important series, "Builders of Greater Britain." The idea of this series was Mr. Unwin's own. He was calling on Sir George Grey, and it came into his mind that "Great English Pro-Consuls" would be a good title for a series. The present title has been chosen in preference as it allows greater scope. A Life of Sir Walter Ralegh by Mr. Martin Hume is the first of these volumes. It will be followed by Lives of Sir Thomas Maitland, John and Sebastian Cabot, Lord Clive, Rajah Brooke, and others. Dr. Garnett will contribute the fifth volume on Edward Gibbon Wakefield. "The series ought to end," added Mr. Unwin, "with a Life of Mr. Rhodes, but it is not likely that we shall publish it indeed, until Mr. Rhodes's career has developed much further."

The new Life of Ralegh has an interesting dedication—two verses of Ralegh's own:—

> "To her who is the first, and may alone
> Be justly called the Empress of the Bretanes."

Another important series is "Masters of Medicine: Lives of the Great Doctors both of Britain and the Continent." Mr. Ernest Hart is writing the first of these on "Edward Jenner."

"'The Children's Study' is to go on," said Mr. Unwin. "We are bringing out very soon 'Old Tales from Greece,' by Miss Alice Zimmern, and 'Old France,' by Miss Mary Rowsell."

A cheap edition of "Trooper Peter Halket" is to be published later in the autumn. The book has been a great success. "A pirated Dutch edition," he remarked, "has just appeared. In matters of copyright Holland is the least civilised country in Europe. From the point of view of English publishers and authors the conduct of the Dutch is very unfair, as we have so large a Dutch population in our colonies and scattered over South Africa."

Mr. Unwin pointed out a very important resolution which the International Publishers' Congress carried at its meeting in Brussels in June of this year. The effect of the resolution in England would be that authors and publishers should in all agreements with American firms stipulate that a notification limiting the American issue to the United States be insisted on, whilst at the same time the British edition should bear a notice excluding it from circulation in the United States. The exact terms of the resolution may be given in the original:—

"La cession d'éditions localisées à certains pays implique pour le cessionaire l'obligation d'indiquer sur ces éditions speciales autorisées les pays auxquels la vente en est limi'ée."

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO.

Mr. Canton kindly told our representative something about his firm's forthcoming list for the autumn. "You have noticed," he said, "that Mr. Baring Gould's story, 'Perpetua,' has been appearing in the *Sunday Magazine*. We shall bring it out in one-volume form in the first week in October. It is a story of early Christian life in the South of France. We expect it to do well, and we are printing a large colonial edition.

"Another of our books," Mr. Canton continued, "will be Canon Knox Little's 'Life of St. Francis d'Assisi.' This life of St. Francis is not merely a summary of his career or an outline of the history of his time. Canon Knox Little has brought out more plainly than any of his predecessors that St. Francis was one of the greatest statesmen and wisest social reformers that the world has ever known. His influence upon the social life of his age cannot be overestimated. This book will in no way interfere with M. Sabatier's. We shall bring it out in handsome form at the price of 10s. 6d. It is intended for the general reader more than for the scholar, and it is the outcome of a series of lectures which Canon Knox Little delivered last year in Worcester Cathedral. We shall publish in October 'The Return to the Cross,' by Dr. Robertson Nicoll."

"Are there many stories on your list?"

"I may mention 'The Prophet's Mantle,' by Miss Christabel Coleridge.

"Dr. Horton's booklet, 'Success or Failure,' will also be ready soon.

"We shall bring out a series of selections from the writings of the late Bishop Thorold."

Messrs Isbister are printing a large paper edition of the first and second volumes of "Our English Minsters." Mr. Canton says there is a large public both in England and America for a work of this kind, and a presentation edition in elegant form is being got ready. Very fine pictures of the cathedrals are included, and these are mostly supplied by Mr. Herbert Railton.

Our representative asked Mr. Canton before leaving what is his opinion on the latest phase of the discount question. He replied, "It seems to me that it is very doubtful whether the Council of the Society are not expecting too much culture from the booksellers. It is very unlikely that the average country bookseller would be in every case a man keenly interested in literature and willing to lay in a stock of all the new books to show to the public. On the other hand," said Mr. Canton, "I believe that if we could return to the twopence discount in the shilling the bookseller trade might be made more stable and more solvent than it is at present."

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Our representative had the pleasure of looking over the pages of Mark Twain's new book, "More Tramps Abroad." It will not appear till November. At a first glance the work looks rather serious, but a great deal of humour is scattered about in it. Considerable space is given to India, and the author utilises his lecturing experiences in all parts of the world.

"We are bringing out three of Mr. David Christie Murray's new books. One is his novel, 'This Little World;' the others are 'Tales and Poems,' and 'My Contemporaries in Fiction.'"

"Which is the most popular of Mr. Murray's books?"

"Undoubtedly it is 'Joseph's Coat,' but nearly all his novels have a steady sale. One of Mr. Murray's poems, I may mention, appeared anonymously in the *Speaker* some time ago. It has since been considerably enlarged. This book of poems and tales will not be ready till the spring."

Mr. Bret Harte's new novel, "Three Partners; or the Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill," will be out on September 16th. Readers of the *Graphic* know, of course, that it has been running there in serial form. The drawings in the book have been reproduced from the *Graphic*.

Mr. Chatto said that the last volume of Mr. Justin McCarthy's history has done well. "We are hoping," he remarked, "that Mr. McCarthy may be able to give us before long his Reminiscences in two volumes. He began this book first before his illness, but has not been able to carry it on during recent months. We are publishing his new stories, 'The Three Disgraces,' at the end of October.

"There are a good many stories on our new list. Mr. Glanville's 'Tales from the Veld' is timely. You may have seen his other book 'Kloof Yarns,' some of the stories in which are reproduced in the new volume. There will be twelve illustrations by M. Nisbet, daughter of Hume Nisbet. Mr. Glanville is the editor of one of the South African papers, and a member of a well-known South African firm."

Miss Sarah Tytler's new book, "The Witch-Wife," has just gone to press. It is a tale of witch burning in Scotland. Mr. Chatto said in reply to a question that none of Miss Tytler's tales has done better than "St. Mungo's City." He has a high opinion of Miss Tytler's abilities, and he does not agree that the work which has been most freely advertised, "Citoyenne Jacqueline," by any means represents her best writing.

"As to M. Zola's 'Paris,' it will not appear," said Mr. Chatto, "until some time in the New Year. All M. Zola's books have required considerable alteration for the English market. His well-known novel 'L'Assommoir' will appear in October, under the title of 'The Dram-Shop.' It has also undergone severe excision."

Among the firm's new novels there is not one which appears in more than a single volume. Mr. Chatto remarked that the custom of paying authors so much per thousand words has led to a considerable shortening of their MSS. It is the rarest thing for a publisher to have to ask an author to cut down a book.

"The Suicide Club and The Rajah's Diamond" has been brought out as a 3s. 6d. book, and Mr. Chatto said that the most popular of Stevenson's stories is the "New Arabian Nights." The most popular of his volumes of essays are "Virginibus Puerisque," and among his volumes of poems "Underwoods" has by far the best sale. Among Charles Reade's books the most popular are, "Never Too Late to Mend;" "The Cloister and the Hearth;" and "Hard Cash." The sixpenny edition of the first of these has had a sale of 162,000, while of "The Cloister and the Hearth," 140,000 have been sold. Wilkie Collins still sells largely, especially "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," and "Man and Wife."

Another interesting new edition is a series of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Vignettes." A new chapter, "At Leicester Fields," has been added, and there is a new frontispiece, a portrait of Sir Richard Steele. All the three volumes of Mr. Dobson's works are now uniform.

Mr. Chatto does not take an altogether hopeful view of the discount struggle. He greatly fears that it may not be

possible to do much to help the country bookseller. "After all," he remarked, "the tendency of the day is to gather every trade into the hands of a few large houses. It would be quite impossible for booksellers to keep in stock one copy of each new work, as has been suggested. Schemes for coercion are seldom successful."

SYMPOSIUM.

MR. HALL CAINE'S "THE CHRISTIAN."*

I.

Mr. Hall Caine has, I think, just missed writing a fine book. The conception was good; the execution is often admirable. The author's dramatic power is great, his descriptions are picturesque and forceful; he holds us, almost against our will, in the grip of an unrelaxing interest. Why, then, do many of his readers lay down the book with a feeling of disappointment?—without that thrill of high emotion, that purifying effect of pity and fear, which its conception led us to anticipate? For, towards the end of the story, that first conception (of a great soul in revolt against the organisation of modern Christianity) trails away like a bird with a broken wing. And, to me, the reason seems to be that the author is found wanting in the qualities which, at first sight, appear to be the most prominent qualities of the book, namely, sympathy and imagination. Dramatic force, and vivid word-painting, and an eye for the picturesque, may easily be mistaken for imaginative work; it is when we look deeper that we find out what is lacking. Mr. Hall Caine proves himself in "The Christian" to be an excellent scene-painter, but no searcher of the hearts of men.

It is impossible to consider the book simply as a novel. It is a succession of attacks, more or less veiled, on most of the institutions of modern society. The author's method of attack is curious. It consists in eliminating or ignoring the good side of every institution that he mentions, and forcing us to judge of it solely by its bad points. He gives us the picture of a hospital, and asks us to believe that all its officials and underlings (with the exception, of course, of Glory and John Storm) are equally narrow-minded, small-souled, hard-hearted, and uncharitable. This is followed by a picture of theatrical life, in which nothing can be found but what is sordid and impure. This, again, is contrasted with an elaborate representation of modern monastery life, which is like nothing in heaven or earth—like nothing, certainly, in the English Church of the nineteenth century. The Bishopsgate Fathers apparently spend their lives shut up in cells, or performing foolish penances; but whether they are supposed to belong to an active or a contemplative order we cannot exactly tell. They seem, at any rate, never to have grasped the difference between ascetic and mystical theology, and what their tenets or their aims may be remains a profound mystery. It is to be hoped that the reader will not mistake this travesty of "the Religious Life" for a veracious account of a well-known monastic society in the English Church, whose members spend their lives in excellent work of learned research or active charity. In this institution John Storm might have been worked to death, but he would not have been allowed to moon away whole weeks and months in maddening silence and solitude.

It is for the English Church in general that Mr. Caine reserves his deadliest attacks. It is not to be denied, of course, that anomalies exist in the Church of England, or that some of her clergy are unworthy of their vocation. But to fix one's eyes only on these anomalies and these instances of unworthiness, in these days of effort and renewed enthusiasm, would be sheer perversity. Does Mr. Hall Caine think that "Father Storm" was the first man in London to institute shelters and orphanages? Does he not know that there are already hundreds of devoted women who give their whole lives to the service of the outcast and fallen? One would think that nobody had ever lived and laboured in Soho before the Reverend John Storm, and that Glory was the only woman in the world who cared for her erring sisters! Are all past and present agencies to be ignored because Mr. Hall Caine wants to make an artistic point? A scene such as the one in which the drawing-room meeting breaks up in confusion because a Unitarian and a Churchman cannot agree about the terms in which the Almighty should be addressed, is pure farce, and should not have been admitted within the pages of a book that attempts to deal seriously with moral and religious questions. In real life it is probable that John Storm would have had hosts of true friends and sympathisers amongst clergy and laity alike; and I can conceive nothing more scandalously unjust than the words of the Prime Minister when he states that "he who attempts to live within the Church the real life of the Apostles will incur the risk of martyrdom which it has always pronounced against innovators." Again, the picture of the London poor is painfully inaccurate, or rather incomplete. The poorer classes in London are not composed entirely of ruffians and dupes.

As regards the characters, Mr. Hall Caine is more successful with his heroine than with his hero. Glory is a real woman, a piece of flesh and blood, whose faults of taste and of speech we forgive for the sake of the golden heart within. But John Storm, a man of strong passions and undisciplined will, is a fatally indecisive person. I cannot conceive why he is supposed to be a typical "Christian" at all. And the sequel of his love for Glory is the weakest point of the story. It nullifies any partial belief in him that we have hitherto tried to cherish. And I fail to see how or why the Father Superior could be persuaded to read the marriage service over a renegade monk!

"The Christian" is romance from beginning to end—the scene laid in some unknown country, Nephelococcygia, for aught I know, but certainly not London. And in so far as it is not a romance, it is simply and solely a glorified Disestablishment tract. ADELINE SERGEANT.

II.

I turned the last page of "The Christian" with a sorrowful conviction that the didactic school of fiction, of which Mr. Hall Caine is so distinguished an exponent, is beyond my horizon. Not that I read the book without interest. It is always picturesque, and some pages are extremely moving. Gloria Quayle is a creation of which any novelist might be proud; and some of the minor characters are full of happy observation. But alas! when it comes to the exposition of the great motive, to the "active Christian life," as this appears to Father Storm, I am lost in the region of religious mania. This excellent man suffers persecution; his peculiar zeal excites the hostility of his superiors in the Church, who have reason to be alarmed; he sets his heart upon an actress, and his enmity to the theatrical life is admittedly inflamed by jealousy, which drives him almost to the point of murder; he plays upon the emotions of thoughtless persons till he is supposed to be a miracle-worker; he threatens London with Divine judgment, which is distorted by rumour into the doom of Sodom, and causes fifty thousand people to camp in Hyde Park, apparently with the idea that the celestial bolts will not be attracted by that innocent open space; he preaches a final sermon, which is the raving of a madman; the perplexed authorities issue a warrant for his arrest, and he is killed by the insensate fury of a ruffian. His uncle is Prime Minister, a rather ineffectual old gentleman, who is moved by this eccentric nephew's career to inform his colleagues that he can no longer support the Established Church. A strong case, no doubt, can be made against the Establishment, and we have all heard of a Prime Minister who discovered the necessity of household suffrage when a mob pulled down the Hyde Park railings. But I question whether the separation of Church and State, in consequence of the assembling of fifty thousand shudderers in the Park to await the doom of Sodom, would appear anything more than a *non sequitur* even to the most volatile of statesmen. Perhaps I am criticising Mr. Hall Caine unfairly on this point because I have too strong a

* "The Christian." A Story. By Hall Caine. 6s. (London: William Heinemann.)

prejudice in favour of public sanity. The religious maniac is well known to us; but an epidemic of lunacy in this metropolis passes belief. We are not in the Middle Ages, when a whole people might go dancing mad at the suggestion of a crazy hermit; and the idea of Sodom, even in sultry weather, would not infect a population under the prosaic control of the County Council. In a work of such scope and sincerity as "The Christian," Mr. Hall Caine should have resisted the temptation to a figment worthy of the mythology with which the Trappist monks regaled the ingenuous hero of "En Route."

How does the "active Christian life" strike the actress? I am sincerely sorry for Gloria. She has an unreasoning affection for this wild priest, though her sound instincts and well-balanced mind revolt against his proposal that they shall marry, dwell among Father Damien's lepers, and live and love like angels. She makes quite a reformed character of Drake, though he is a man about town with a racehorse, a Manx horse, which wins the Derby. (Hurroo for "the island!") If she had married this by no means unworthy gentleman, they would have been happy without relying too much on the achievements of that equine prodigy, "Ellan Vannin"; they would have practised many kindly virtues, common enough amongst members of the theatrical profession, as no one knows better than Mr. Hall Caine; and Gloria would not have been haunted by the idea that the representation of wickedness in the drama cannot be effectual without a vicious mind. In short, they would have been animated by a healthy sense of the proportion of things, a saving humour, cheerfulness, charity of heart and purse, all the humanities which are possible even to imperfect mortals. But Gloria has the misfortune to love John Storm, and the ban of his asceticism wrecks her life. True, it gives us some fine moments. When Storm is torn between jealous anguish and his spiritual frenzy, when the girl reads murder in his eyes, and charms his soul from delirium, Mr. Hall Caine comes very near to writing a great scene. Storm dies happy because he has won this woman from her world; she bears his name, and will carry on his work. My only comfort is that she, at all events, will remain sane; she will not frighten the nursemaids and the cyclists in Hyde Park; and probably she will tacitly disown the theory, so dear to her husband, that to be a Christian is to court martyrdom, and especially the martyrdom which, with melancholy incongruity, Mr. Hall Caine makes suggestive of the one supreme precedent.

L. F. AUSTIN.

III.

"The Christian" strikes me as at once an achievement and a miscarriage of lofty purpose. On the side of literary craftsmanship it is a notable book—one which contains chapters and passages as fine as anything Mr. Hall Caine has produced; one, indeed, which could have been written only by a man of practised skill, laborious patience, and rare imaginative power. Yet it leaves the reader not merely incredulous, but morally bewildered; derisive, and yet interested in spite of his common sense.

Mr. Hall Caine, it seems to me, has attempted the impossible feat of constructing a story which shall be at one and the same moment a creation of art and a tract writ large. I honour his aim and purpose, but I must deprecate his method. His impeachment of the evils in the Church and in society is marked by the crude qualities of the most fanatical tract—onesidedness, hysterical exaggeration, an appalling familiarity with divine things, and a singular blindness to facts. There is doubtless room for Church reform, but could the worst enemy of the Establishment honestly single out Canon Wealthy as a typical clergyman? Our decent, hard-working middle class frequent the music-halls—are those places of amusement substantially the hotbeds of concupiscence depicted in these pages? Is Derby Day, "the day devoted to sport, and gambling, and intemperance, and immorality"—what objection to "sport," and why "immorality"?—the great national day of England? These charges revolt me by their extravagance. I have not the eyes of John Storm, who, after his extraordinary experiment in monasticism, noticed "that nearly every face he saw bore the hideous stamp of self-indulgence and sensuality."

When I turn to John Storm and follow him through his feverish career, I am lost in bewilderment. Is this semi-delirious creature of impulse really meant for an ideal of manhood, the type of a "Christian"; or has the author surpassed himself in delineating a complex, neurotic, passion-driven mortal who dreamed of being a great religious and social reformer, and who, after having preached to others, himself became a cast-away? For consider the man closely, look into the soul of him, and what traits of the living Christ redeem his headstrong, self-sufficient humanity? Dismiss his theatrical denunciations, waive the natural promptings to goodness common to him and to all men born to the heritage of nineteen Christian centuries; look to his inner life, his communion with the Holy Spirit, his response to divine grace—why, the man never had a glimmer of the meaning of any of these things. Take his career phase by phase, and at what point is he other than a precipitate, self-deluded, inconsistent, blatant, well-intentioned "natural Adam"? The desire for one woman—remembering his rages, I hesitate to call it love—drives him into the wilderness and into the slum, and finally it stings him into madness. Imagining himself "the instrument of God's mercy to the woman he loved," he resolves "to slay her body that he might save her soul." He is only saved from murder by succumbing to the glamour of the senses. In any man such a fall is deplorable; in this "Christian," whose mission is the championship of purity, who "was the prophet of woman in relation to humanity as hardly anyone since Jesus has ever been," it is unforgettable and unpardonable.

And Glory, the shallow, egotistical, theatrical little soul, who relished the flush of life and the splendour of the world? Well, she was a natural, everyday, physically attractive creature; commonplace morally and mentally, and yet labouring under the delusion that she was double-souled and unlike any other woman; tender and kindly, and full of the gaiety of youth and health, but vulgar to the tips of her fingers. Till one reaches the catastrophe, her vulgarity is her most obtrusive and afflicting feature. Even so reckless a Child of Nature might have shuddered at the thought of the ghastly death from which the surrender of her beauty saved her. But no; the tragic incident leaves no shadow on her; she awakes "happy, happy, happy," and without a revulsion of feeling she goes gaily (and with abundant levity) to her marriage with John Storm, who has been mauled by roughs, and lies dying. Glory purposes taking up the would-be reformer's social work when "he has gone." And so little is John Storm burdened by the remorse of his fall, so little conscious of his failure as a "Christian," that among his last words he supposes that "the man who carries the flag always gets 'potted'"—a pity! but "somebody must carry it." What a master-stroke of irony had John Storm been a study in spiritual blindness, arrogance, and self-deception! Does Mr. Hall Caine really side with the "journalist of Jewish extraction," who prayed that John Storm's blood might not "be on us and our children"?

WILLIAM CANTON.

IV.

"In the name of the Prophet—figs!" Mr. Hall Caine's crusade on behalf of woman and purity and against society and the Church almost verges upon a Hudibrastic burlesque. The crusade itself is all right; though it is utopian and even, perhaps, puerile to expect that the gold of the Sermon on the Mount could be made the current coin of the world without the hardening alloy of a baser metal.

There is no doubt, however, that our time needs a preacher of purity and of righteousness, who would know his own mind and the mind of God, and who would forget and efface himself, and go straight to the mark of his calling, and, in a word, show himself in almost all ways the opposite of Mr. Hall Caine's Christian. He is a poor wavering creature blown about by all winds, who looks Narcissus-like into the well of truth, only to find there a reflection of himself which he imagines to be the image of God. He takes his own wrongs and rage for the wrongs and rage of God, and even the very jealousy which prompts him, as it would prompt some Whitechapel rough, to murder his sweetheart, is to him a divine inspiration "to slay her body that he might

save her soul." What is to be said, too, for an avatar of the Messiah, who dares not trust himself among the poor he came to save without the protection of a ferocious bloodhound, and who shrinks from the possible martyrdom of a few weeks' or months' imprisonment? It seems profanity to apply to such a pinchbeck prophet and to allow him to apply to himself on his deathbed the dying words of Christ on the cross. Considered as a mere work of art, "The Christian" is a failure, since the author is overpowered and overpowers us by the vast mass of second-hand material he has accumulated for the building of the Temple. There is neither the inspiration nor the spontaneity, the unity, harmony, nor symmetry, which distinguishes the work of the architect from that of the builder.

RICHARD ASHE KING.

V.

"The Christian" has travelled with me on a Rhine journey from Coblence to Mayence, and I have cut the last leaves with something of regret and perhaps a suggestion of relief. I have been glad of the company of Glory, albeit she is not what one may term a complete letter writer; John Storm I would have willingly thrown overboard at Oberlanstein. Even him I found more tolerable when I discovered that whenever he had finally and definitely and irrevocably announced his determination to take a certain course, he never by any chance took that course. One knows with a man of this kind what not to expect. I found Drake a good companion, and I hope that Glory became his wife, *en secondes noces*, and that they went up the Rhine for their honeymoon, and lived happily ever afterwards.

Flicking back the pages of the book—there are quite a large number of them—I find that my enjoyment is something of the kind that I have often found in the stage box at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. You can sit in the stage box at the Britannia from seven till eleven and watch at close quarters stirring melodrama; you can see the actors waiting at the side ready to come on; you can hear the preparations for the next act. The scenes in "The Christian" with the two young men in chambers in St. James's Street—with coffee and cigarettes, "The eternal dun has been here to-day;" Nurse Love before the governors, and Glory's interruption, "I know a clergyman when he is a man and a gentleman—not a Pharisee and a crocodile" (how the Britannia gallery would cheer and yell and whistle at that); the meeting with Drake in St. James's Park by moonlight; the house at St. John's Wood (I think another neighbourhood might have been chosen; St. John's Wood has long been one of the demurest quarters of London); the appearance of Storm in search of Glory at the chambers in St. James's Street ("I have come to find her, I *shall* find her')—these and the others I have seen, times without number, in acute melodramas at theatres where they like such things hot and like them strong. With this experience to help me, I knew that Gloria would score an enormous success, and I was not astonished to find the Colosseum audience delighted, nay, enchanted, with the songs in Manx; just as I knew that Drake's horse, not being the favourite, would most assuredly win the Derby. Also I felt certain that Canon Wealthy would prove a man of money, and that the Rev. Mr. Golightly would be a mild, inoffensive curate. (At the Britannia they call him Golightly too, but there he always carries a bandbox and a paper bag containing scones, and is the butt of the low-comedy man). The characters are all as definite as at Hoxton. Mr. Hall Caine gives us no good man amongst the West End clergy whom John Storm meets; no good woman amongst the nurses. This treatment of classes may not be right and may indeed be shamefully unfair, but it is quite in the Britannia manner.

The London scenes give one here and there the idea that Mr. Hall Caine arrived in town on special occasions by special excursions that were run on the Queen's Birthday, on Derby Day, on November 9th, on New Year's Eve, and on other notable occasions; an idea that is wholly incorrect, the fact being that it was not possible to stroll about the East End a year or two ago without coming across the tracks of Mr. Hall Caine, who was then searching the best shops for local colour with which he might paint the pages of "The Christian." For the dialect, it is I think a great achievement for a writer who has not lived continuously in London to have made so few mistakes. I wish, however, that all the cockneys in the book did not speak their language with quite so much of determined fierceness. The girls at the music hall, the footman in Downing Street, the maid in Clement's Inn, and the costers in Soho all speak the same impossible, distorted dialect, and there are no shades whatever. They say "enneff" for enough, "kepple" for coupl-, "mingee" for (I think, but I am not sure) mangy, "tyke kear" for take care, and "dawer" for door. Surely it is time to beg here for reticence. Some of us have become prematurely sombre in the endeavour to understand Scotch dialects as they are written; let us have thought for the northerner who comes across the words "tcher" and "a-kemmin." What is calculated to add to the confusion is the amazing circumstance that in "The Christian" they not only speak this language but, opportunity given, they also write it. "God bless the Farver," somebody is said to have written on the church in Soho. I can believe most things, but I cannot believe that.

But once more I glance through the 452 pages of the book, and I see passages that I shall read again, and chapters that I shall be glad to re-peruse at any time. It is distinctly a story of interest, and that, it seems to me, is high commendation for any book. Other things count for little.

W. PETT RIDGE.

"SHALL THE PUBLISHERS COERCE THE BOOKSELLERS?"

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—You have answered "Z." so very effectually yourself as to leave others little to say. It may, however, be worth while pointing out that he is utterly in the wrong as regards the German book trade. It is far more the custom in Germany than in this country for the retailer to have direct accounts with the publisher, and it may safely be asserted that the average German bookseller has ten times as many accounts open as his English colleague of corresponding standing in the trade. To speak, moreover, of the German bookseller as living under the "iron rule" of coercion is as ridiculous as when some disciple of Mr. Auberon Herbert bewails the hard lot of Englishmen in living under the iron rule of magistrate and policeman. The German bookseller fought hard for over fifteen years to get the iron rule established; he would not give it up for worlds; if he has any complaint, it is that it is not "iron" enough. He no more wants to go back to the old days, when everybody consoled himself for the thought that he was cutting his own throat by the amiable reflection that he was, at all events, cutting his neighbour's likewise, than the average Englishman wants to go back to the days of manly independence and untrammelled freedom when you had to load your pistols if you were crossing Hampstead Heath after dark.

Unfortunately, however, the conditions of Germany and of the German book trade are so different from those of this country that it is uncertain if measures akin to those passed by the German trade would have the same beneficial effect here. The German analogy is encouraging for those who wish to bring about a healthier state of things in the English book trade; but that is about all that can be said.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say a few words as to the wider aspects of the question. What is going on in the book trade is but one form of the world-wide struggle between great centralised and small, widely disseminated agencies of distribution. Now apart from the undoubted fact that great centralised agencies tend to become monopolies to the ultimate hurt and loss of the community, there are special reasons why all who value literature should look askance at an organisation of distribution that is open to objection even in the eating and clothing trades. The characteristic feature of the book trade is that it deals in small but very numerous items, and, that as

regards the true purport of the trade, item x may be of infinitely more importance than item x^3. But large organisations will always prefer handling in bulk to handling in detail; the more your great centralised agencies drive the smaller agencies out of the field the more will they tend to deal in large numbers, to push the ephemeral book of the day, which can be ordered by the hundred or the thousand, to neglect the modest and slow-selling book. The prejudicial effect upon real literature, as well as upon the chances of the young and unknown author, needs no insisting upon.

Everyone who knows anything of the book trade will agree with me that, as a means of pushing the sale of the non-sensational book, nothing can take the place of a prosperous and widespread retail trade. The Nansen, the Drummond, the Marie Corelli, the Hall Caine of the moment can take care of itself. The public wants to buy it, and would do so if there were no retail booksellers in existence at all. But the vast majority of books, both old and new, are sold not because they are advertised, or circularised, or reviewed, but because they are *seen*. If they are not seen they won't be bought; at least, not to a remunerative extent. Diminish distance as much as you like, you can't bring all your book buyers to one centre; you must have as many local centres of distribution as possible. And the man at the centre of distribution must have brains and education enough to deal with a mass of detail infinitely more complex and more delicate than in any other retail trade. For many of the best books of their kind, books the non-publication of which would leave humanity the poorer and retard the progress of civilisation, there are only a limited number of purchasers scattered all over the world. If the book cannot be brought to their notice by the bookseller, if it has to rely solely upon advertisement and review, half of this small number of possible purchasers won't buy, and the book won't pay its way. The ideal would be an intelligent and competently educated bookseller to every so-and-so many thousand of the population, and that he should develop his business, not by trying to filch away regular book-buyers from his fellow retailers, but by fostering the love of reading, and tapping new sources of demand within his own circle. Approximation to this ideal can only be reached by a method of trade organisation which prevents the great centralised distributing agencies from crushing out the smaller ones. For whatever may be the case in other trades, it is essential to the book trade that its centres of distribution should be as numerous and as widely scattered as possible.

ALFRED NUTT.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

In THE BOOKMAN of August, "Z." raises the above question, and while the editorial notes of the same number deal with his argument in part, further discussion is invited.

To start with the heading and the first paragraph of the article, the term "coerce" does not seem to me to apply fairly to the present attitude of the Publishers' Association towards that of the Booksellers, nor is the reason for the existence of the former association correctly stated.

For two years past or more there has been continual correspondence between the two bodies with a view to the removal of the deadlock into which the business of producing and retailing books, especially novels by contemporary writers, has drifted.

The object of the formation of the Publishers' Association was not, as "Z." suggests, merely an attempt to solve this particular difficulty, but it was felt that, as the Society of Authors and the Booksellers' Association had been founded to guard the interests of their respective clients, it was desirable that there should also be a Union of Publishers to act in harmony, if possible, with the other two Societies, for the common welfare of the trade.

The booksellers have long complained that owing to competition, slackness of sales, and other causes, they are unable to make both ends meet, and the publishers being in a like predicament have had to decline to grant them better terms.

The present position therefore is this: that practically all the publishers, and an overwhelming majority of the booksellers have agreed that the only way out of the difficulty is to revert to a slightly higher standard of retail prices than the lowest possible one now current, the proposed fixed standard being identical with that which was in vogue a few years ago, before the competition among booksellers had resulted in reducing the retail price to a discount of 3d. in the shilling off the published price.

The two trades having thus made some approach to a common understanding, it seems only courteous to invite the opinion of the authors, who are also interested, though not so directly, in the same question; for as long as the three classes of authors, publishers, and booksellers continue under existing conditions, it is to everyone's advantage that they should work together in a friendly spirit.

To deal with a few details of "Z's" article, which throws cold water on the proposed scheme without suggesting any other remedy to meet what is universally acknowledged to be a grave crisis in the trade—

(1) "Z." must necessarily be in error when he states that the fact of the 2d. discount in the shilling being made general would not benefit the small country trader, who even now cannot afford to give better terms, for obviously the alteration would prevent him from being undersold by the larger dealers as at present.

(2) Competition in new books can no more be spoilt by the adoption of one fixed price than of another, provided that the price be fixed and not allowed to vary.

(3) There seems to be no reason why the change should compel the bookseller to lower his prices on non-copyright books and magazines; moreover, these publications come under an altogether different category, if we treat the question as affecting authors and publishers as well as booksellers.

(4) I have already stated the grounds upon which the co-operation of authors has been invited. As booksellers are the people who will benefit directly by the change, authors cannot expect to receive higher royalties from publishers, on the score of possibly decreasing sales, and it is most unlikely that publishers are assailed by a fear that authors will demand better terms.

Owing to trade competition and the exertions of the literary agent, the royalties now paid are exorbitantly high, and by acting in common concert to adjust this matter, publishers would have the remedy in their own hands.

(5) "Z" asks why, if a change be made at all, publishers do not resort to further "coercion" and demand that new books should be retailed at full published price. The answer is that such a radical change would be unreasonable; for a long time past the public have been accustomed to receive a discount off books, and it is only within the last few years that this has become fixed at as high a rate as 25 per cent.

(6) The present conditions of the trade are entirely different from those which obtained in 1852, when the last crisis arose; moreover, in that year the chief grievance was the inequality of the terms on which the publishers supplied the booksellers. There existed at that time a monopolist class amongst the latter who received special terms, and created the whole difficulty by departing from their own agreement.

If fair terms be made all round after proper consultation between the parties interested, it is difficult to see where the hardship lies in having those terms definitively fixed.

The gist of the whole argument would seem to be that authors (when they receive royalties), publishers (when they pay royalties), and the whole body of booksellers are jointly interested in the sale of books to the public, and it would be far better to settle as nearly as may be the fair proportion to be earned by each than to indulge in ineffectual bickerings month after month in a particular trade organ.

There can be no doubt that the sale of modern fiction, except in a few sensational instances, is greatly depressed. This means a loss to authors, publishers, and booksellers alike, for whilst the average novelist finds his profits dwindle, both publishers and booksellers suffer from the accumulation of worthless stock.

The root of the evil lies in excessive competition, which has been created mainly by the literary agent. As is stated

in THE BOOKMAN for August, he—an extreme instance of the uninvolved middleman—practically imposes a tax of ten per cent. or more upon most of our modern fiction, and is naturally interested in exerting himself to place as many novels as possible upon the market.

It is safe to say that if the literary agent did not exist, the present deadlock in fiction could hardly have arisen.

The literary agent's business is to foster competition among publishers, with the result that the output of new books is far more than the public demands. It is to be hoped that the discussion upon discounts may open up this and other questions which are of vital importance to all who make their living by writing, producing, or selling books. Y.

NEW BOOKS.

TWELVE BAD WOMEN.*

The object, the concoction, and the character of this book may be sufficiently inferred from its title. Years ago the late Dean Burgon gave us his gallery of "Good Men," to which I fancy someone added another of "Good Women." In the spirit of parody Mr. Seccombe lately brought out his "Lives of Twelve Bad Men," and now, under the same auspices, but by a different editor, appears the present treatise. The title is well adapted to attract one very numerous class of English readers—the unwilling, secretly disaffected puritans, who are puritan only by breeding and circumstance. Shielded from actual contact with flagrant crime, they are fascinated by its records. Debarred by want of opportunity, and not seldom by genuine scruples, from the perusal of openly immoral books, they appease their curiosity by such literature—memoirs, criminal law reports, or blue books—as promises to lift the veil under moral, didactic, or official sanction. For their needs a curious little school of literature has grown up in England and America—in France it is unknown. Highly respectable readers, and at their bidding equally respectable writers, busy themselves overmuch with the monstrous crimes, the vicious personages, and the profligate societies of bygone times, and that in a spirit intensely, sometimes comically Britannic. The methods of these writers have crystallised into a recognised conventional system which amounts to a distinct school. So much so, indeed, that he who has to write an article on Lucrezia Borgia or Madame de Pompadour can hardly be blamed for writing as the world expects him to write. But a little plain speaking of the unfashionable puritan sort about the school and its system can do its votaries no harm, and will avenge me of the hours I have lost over those twelve tiresome Jezebels.

First, as to the conventional tone and sentiment. It is always detestable. Further, it is essentially immoral, and insidiously, if mildly, corrupting. And this because it is so profoundly, nay, so avowedly, so conventionally insincere. Just a preface of claptrap excuses for the shockingness of the subject—then some didactic head-shaking as an exordium to each chapter—the reproving finger wagged mechanically now and then—finally the official peroration, which nobody reads. All this is just buckram binding, but it suffices as an excuse for dull souls, who somehow fancy they want to read the adventures of the notorious Mrs. Clarke, a mere vulgar, sordid, commonplace harlot, what she earned, what she squandered, lists of her protectors, and all the rest of it. Of course they will not learn much, for these books draw the line pretty strictly. It is not their contents, but their subject, which offends. The little deprecatory dabs of pharisaism are invariably neutralised by the general levity, flippancy, and vulgarity of sentiment and language. Invariably; for not one of these eight well-meaning biographers of the Jezebels—not even Mr. Waters—dares break the traditions of the Holywell Street school, though perhaps they may claim to be Holywell-one-street-removed. There was the home of the school; Grub Street was its cradle; its time-honoured models the broad-sheet, the ballad, and the "True and Particular Account." It appealed strongly to the eighteenth century rabble, who accepted the infallibility of the judge and parson, while secretly cherishing its own barbaric conceptions of law and morality. These savage instincts linger still even in the goodly middle classes. Hence for them handsome books like the New Newgate Calendar and the Twelve Jezebels are compiled. Quality of paper, print, or authorship matters little. For my own part, I prefer the originals, the absurd, clumsy, lying old pamphlets on which some of these "Lives" have really been based. All present the indelible imprint of the school. There is always the tacit understanding that brutal crime (though of course very wrong) is delightfully interesting, and that profligacy (though very reprehensible) is venial and romantic, and to convey this covert sentiment a curious conventional style has grown up, and our eight biographers have mostly adopted it. But this school of writing is so conventional and so familiar as to blind us to its power of insidious corruption. It is not so much the hypocritical assumption of prudery, or the covert admiration of crime and vice, or the vulgar flippancy of allusion, taken each separately, which does hurt. The sting is in the contrast, the *contradiction* between the lofty moral standard proclaimed and the low moral standard suggested. If you object that this is ethics, instead of literary criticism, I reply that literature based on vulgar, obsolete conventions, and inspired by two mutually destructive principles, is low literature, and ugly literature.

But this book is hardly worth scolding. It is so dull, so wooden, so mechanical. The Twelve Jezebels are badly chosen; they are neither ultra-Jezebels nor typical Jezebels, but merely those who give least trouble to dish up in a sensation article. Every essay is liberally padded. That on the Elizabethan Mary Arden fills twelve pages, though all the author or anybody else knows about this perfectly commonplace, ordinary husband-murderer cannot fill one. The lives of Alice Perrers, Lady Somerset, and the Duchess of Cleveland make some pretension to research, and may have cost some trouble, but they are quite flimsy, and wholly wanting in historical insight. Though authorities are sometimes referred to, the actual materials used are only revealed by accident, but in certain cases one happens to guess them. In those of Moll Cutpurse and Jenny Diver especially they are the catch-penny myths of contemporary broad-sheets, with their stereotyped lies and exaggerations. The original of the "Roaring Girl" was probably a thorough character, but we cannot get near her. As to Jenny, we only have the old, old portrait of the typical pickpocket, concocted long before in the "English Rogue." Mrs. Brownrigg was not worth revival at such length; she was clearly a monomaniac.

It was one of the blots on Mr. Paget's fascinating book that he harboured doubts of Elizabeth Canning's guilt. The case is here handled with considerable care and judgment, and should be kept before the stupid British public, which only a few years ago with equal frenzy took up the cause of a very similar demure and artful perjuress. The Duchess of Kingston figures here of course in her own right. Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Clarke are more obscure, and careful lives of them would have been acceptable, while we get only a mass of conjecture and padding, based really on dubious or spurious publications of the period. Mrs. Clarke and the famous Army Scandal survive now only in a few guarded lines of history. Here is a curious comment. Strolling one evening lately through a noisy fair, my ear caught these words, bawled in strident tones, "'And d—n the expense,' *as Mrs. Clarke said to the Duke of York.*" It was the Muse of History calling to deaf ears, for on all but one probably the allusion fell in vain. I traced the voice to a drunken gipsy, who again and again introduced the phrase in his encouragements to the cocoa-nut throwers. He is known to me by sight as established in these parts; he is not more than forty, and quite illiterate. It was no time for enquiry, but I hope some day to question him. I hope to find that he has no traditions of the scandals of 1809, but that the phrase is a meaningless one inherited from his father or grandfather, in fact, a "family piece," only brought out under the stimulus of drink, for often as I have heard his din, only that one day did he use it. If so, here is a "dry bone of history" indeed, and one worth picking by Professor Max Müller. Mrs. Clarke was originally a living "agent"; she has sur-

* "Lives of Twelve Bad Women." Edited by Arthur Vincent. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

vived as a verbal abstraction, a mere name; and is now sublimated into the Pan-athletic Goddess, or Patroness of the Games.

Finally, be it said that some of the Jezebels were worth profound analysis. But of that we find not a trace. The treatment is entirely superficial. The editor seems in his Preface to threaten us with "Twelve Doubtful Women." If he means those delightful, inscrutable, ineffable women, the ultimate quintessence of femininity, who fancied they had wheedled and bullied the world and themselves into a beautiful faith in their innocence and undeserved wrongs, I implore him to spare my favourites. They will not bear this rough, mechanical handling. To think of that softly cooing, tearful liar, Lady ——, but no! I will not help him to a single name, and he will never find out the right ones by himself. Y. Y.

HANNIBAL.*

In writing the life of "Hannibal" for this series of "Heroes of the Nations," Mr. Morris has had a hard task. Practically we are wholly dependent for our information on Polybius and Livy, and their narratives have been reproduced, commented on, and criticised in so many histories, that little which is new can be said upon the subject. Every schoolboy, even though the knowledge of the average schoolboy is hardly what Macaulay supposes, knows the main outlines of the second Punic war, and they are on the whole definitely settled, while, on the other hand, as a biography, any account of "Hannibal" must suffer from the fact that "scarcely a phrase of his, not a line of correspondence" is in existence. No one accepts as truth the prejudiced rhetoric of Livy—*inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plus quam Punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus*—but the materials for forming a real estimate of his character are wanting. Mr. Morris, on his title-page, boldly describes him as "soldier, statesman, and patriot." The justice of the first epithet is beyond dispute; whether, however, the other two are equally deserved must always remain uncertain. Judged by the standard of success, his gigantic plans, in spite of his military achievements, proved a splendid failure and precipitated the ruin of his country, while in his estimate of the resisting power of Rome, of the value of his Macedonian alliance, and of the reinforcements he might look for from Carthage he seems to have erred largely. As to his patriotism, Mr. Morris quotes Thiers, who describes him as offering "le plus noble spectacle que puissent donner les hommes—celui du génie exempt de tout égoisme, et n'ayant qu'une passion, le patriotisme, dont il est le glorieux martyr," but to determine the motives of great military leaders, to distinguish between personal ambition and the sense of public duty, is never an easy task, and in the case of Hannibal we possess no evidence at all sufficient for arriving at a decision.

It is as a master of the art of war that his name lives. "War was Hannibal's sphere; his exploits have, in all ages, claimed the attention of competent judges of the military art." His extraordinary power of moulding into a great army "a motley array of Phœnicians, Africans, Spaniards, and Gauls," and his surpassing strategic skill are exceedingly well exhibited in this book, the writer of which, so far as a layman can judge, seems to possess considerable technical knowledge of his subject, while in some cases, as in the remarks which he borrows from Captain Mahan's "Sea Power," on the loss which Hannibal suffered from being unsupported by a fleet, he admirably supplements, though he cannot be said to supersede, the able narratives of Arnold and Mommsen. He has made excellent use, too, of the remarks on Hannibal which are to be found in the writings of Napoleon. That masterly intellect fully grasped the greatness of Hannibal and ranks him among the seven strategists whose campaigns ought to be carefully examined by all students of tactics.

A few words must be added about the illustrations. The publishers seem to have collected a number of very worn plates that had already seen much service in other books, and to have made such use of the collection as they could. There is a map of Central Italy so blurred that the names cannot be deciphered; the plan of Trasimene is marked with signs of which no explanation is given; two illustrations of Carthaginian art seem to represent the fancy sketches of an infant, though in one of them an expert eye can detect a rude plough standing on its head, while p. 112 is faced by an engraving of Hannibal crossing the Alps, which is said to be "after Turner," but on which it would be desirable to have Mr. Ruskin's judgment. It is a pity to spoil a good book—and this book is on the whole a good one—by inserting such miserable plates. T. E. PAGE.

* "Hannibal." By W. O'Connor Morris. G. B. Putnam's Sons. London and New York, 1897; pp. 376, 12mo, 5s.

"GYP" IN ENGLISH.*

Even in English, and an English that does not very closely correspond to the French of "Gyp," "Bijou" is readable and interesting. For the original is not all bright surface. There is a strong foundation of reality; there are tough bits of human nature, which an occasional clumsiness in the translation does not forbid us to grapple with. The clever writer has often been wittier; but she has never shown her understanding of character to be quicker or more varied. And she must have succeeded in outwitting many readers for at least three-quarters of the story. Here and there a proud person may have found out Bijou early in the day, or at least conceived a dislike for that popular charmer, and must have felt annoyed to see how "Gyp" seemed still to believe in the young lady's elegant virtues and her graces of nature. Ah, these novelists, they don't understand the men and women they create! Those that are drawn into such reflections must hear "Gyp" laughing at the end, at her perfect success in fooling her readers as Bijou fooled her family and her numerous friends.

What is the proportion of good and bad in a charmer like Bijou? Hers is no easy career. That of the worldling never is. To intimately know and learn to please an old nobleman, a grandmother, an athletic schoolboy, an abbé, a poor tutor, a host of cousins, frivolous, serious-minded, married, single, and infantile, a young farmer, and others too numerous to mention, is no light undertaking. In a successful public man such tactful attention to different interests would be called by pretty names, even if his career had its tragic victims, as had that of Bijou.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.†

The period of English literature covered by Professor Courthope's present volume is certainly more favourable to his methods and idiosyncracies than that covered by his first. Possibly it is the most favourable of all periods. The primitive Germanic world in which the earliest singers of England sang has faded completely into the background; native legend and folk-lore sink into insignificance as literary sources; the Germanic core of the English people attains expression, for the most part, either in rude and uncouth forms which hardly rank as literature at all, or else through the medium of styles, so loaded with Romantic mannerisms, that they almost cease to be Germanic. And it will not be denied that Mr. Courthope brings to the treatment of the Germanic world, particularly to what is most primitive in it, a considerably smaller measure of that instinctive appreciation and insight which make his dealings with the Romance world, old and new, everywhere so luminous. Even the ruling character of Elizabethan talent seems to lend itself to the purposes of an historian whose skill lies rather in laying bare the strands which connect a typical writer with the intellectual and social fabric of his age, than in defining the elusive profiles of its rare original spirits. The intellectual atmosphere was charged with new ideals of culture and refinement, and literature resolved itself very largely into a succession of attempts to embody them—attempts now brilliantly successful, now grotesquely futile, but almost always pronounced and emphatic, and easily therefore, isolated and defined by the shaping pen of the literary analyst. Mr. Courthope's accounts of the Elizabethan poets under this aspect are

* "Bijou." By Gyp. Translated by Alys Hallard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

† "A History of English Poetry." By W. J. Courthope. Vol. II. The Renaissance and the Reformation: Influence of the Court and the Universities. (Macmillan.)

altogether admirable; and he exhibits the phases in their adoption of classical and Italian refinements, with a precision and fulness of knowledge not equalled, over the whole field, by any of his predecessors. He, in fact, combines two characters which literary historians as a rule exhibit apart. He is a Humanist, with a keen and somewhat exclusive taste for the accomplished and mature in literature. But with his eighteenth century Humanism, Mr. Courthope unites the zest of the *Quellenforscher*, to which the eighteenth century was wholly strange, for origins and developments; though it is true that, to be grist for his mill, the "origins" must themselves have reached a certain maturity, not to say decadence.

Our judgment upon this volume may then be summed up by saying that it displays both remarkable versatility, and some limitation of power. We have spoken of his mastery of the Italian Renascence. With the German Renascence, as with the Germanic world at large, he is less familiar; and the transformations which Latin forms of art underwent in Germany hardly obtain recognition. Thus the Latin drama of antiquity was an instrument which both Humanists and Reformers in Germany touched to modern issues, to the edification of academic youth or the defiance of Antichrist; and some notes of their vigorous, strident music, demonstrably wakened echoes, less vigorous but even more strident, in England. Bale's "King Johan" was suggested by Kirchmeyer's "Pammachius"—an equally furious but rather less incoherent onslaught on Rome; Gascoigne's "Glass of Government" proceeded from the school of academic dramas, of which Macropedius' "Acolastus" was the most famous.

Again, looking back on these twelve chapters of sixteenth century life, we feel that they leave too vague and shadowy the *cachet* of national character which even that age of imitation and experiment exhibited through its very experiment and imitation. Mr. Courthope sees the converse aspect of truth to that which Mr. Stopford Brooke so eloquently disengages when he dwells on the affinity of the feeling for the sea in the Old English and in the Elizabethans. More, for instance, might have been made of Raleigh's "lofty and insolent vein" of poetry, had Mr. Courthope (who fully recognises it) approached it from this point of view instead of from that of the fashionable Pastoralism which, as he justly says, Raleigh "laid aside." Even Marlowe, who is discussed in some of Mr. Courthope's most striking and original pages, suffers something, under this head, at his exponent's hands. The ingenious connection of Marlowe's pictures of unbounded energy with Machiavelli's doctrine of the excellence of *virtù*, has been widely noticed, and justly excited great interest. Decidely, if we are to have a formula for Marlowe's work, Mr. Symonds' formula "*l'amour de l'impossible*" is inferior to Mr. Courthope's: "the belief of what is *possible* to the resolved and heroic soul."

The chapter on the drama, of which this forms part, though concise, is full of suggestive points. Mr. Courthope differs from most recent students of the drama in advocating the claims of Peele, whose subdued and reserved manner has been thrown into the shade by the romantic splendour and energy of Marlowe. But Peele has qualities which touch the eighteenth century sympathies of his historian—sound judgment, intellectual sanity, good taste, and the rich if artificial fancy which created the pageant *The Arraignment of Paris*. No one has more vividly described the impression made by the imposing *début* of Marlowe in *Tamburlaine*, upon the contemporary stage, or traced its effects upon his fellows, especially upon Greene and Peele, with more care and skill.

A few slight points may be noticed. Mr. Courthope gives, without remark, an unusual extension to the term Euphuism. While identifying it expressly with the movement of Lyly, he later on applies it to tendencies of the seventeenth century at most very distantly related to those of Euphues, and it is somewhat surprising to learn (p. 201) that Euphuism received its quietus at the hands not (say) of Shakspere and Jonson, but of Addison and Steele. The same looseness marks his reference to "the ridicule poured upon the fashionable style by . . . Shakspere in 'Love's Labour's Lost.'" For it has long ago been shown that the many affectations there ridiculed do not include the specific affectation of Lyly. The present volume touches only by anticipation upon Shakspere. But it is not a happy way of describing the moral contrast between the Marlowesque and Shakesperean drama to say that conscience, ignored in the former, is by the latter exhibited "in conflict with Will." For the conflict of Will with the naked perception of moral law or the pure desire for duty, typical in Racine or Corneille, is all but unexampled in Shakspere. Profoundly moral as his mature thinking clearly was, he doubtless exhibits few "conflicts" in which no contingent of moral animus takes part. But the moral contingent does not fight single-handed. It has "great allies" in non-moral passions and desires. The "golden opinions" he has won are responsible for Macbeth's relenting hesitation; the "conscience" which makes a coward of Hamlet, is not the canon of the Everlasting against self-slaughter, but "the fear of something after death." Even Brutus is not, like Cinna, adequately described as a self-sacrificing patriot who slays his friend at the call of duty; he is a philosopher acting out with scarcely a perceptible struggle, the ingrained academic prejudices by which it is his life to live.

C. H. HERFORD.

THE TROUBADOURS.*

The old Provençal lives of the Troubadours, contemporary or nearly contemporary, have never before been wholly translated, which seems a surprising thing. They have been picked from largely, but the mine is not exhausted. These lives of adventure and song are quickening still. Naturally Miss Farnell has felt bound in her introduction to touch on the vexed question of the realities of chivalry, and to own the brutalities that triumphed and rioted in the condition of things that every romantic soul has, one time or other, wished had been his. Her conclusions seem very sensible. But that is the least interesting of the reflections suggested by the matter out of which she has made her book. Chivalry was at least a reality, and it was the inspiring force of these men who did live and love and wander and sing; and whether or not they realised all their pretty sentiments in their lives, though it is a legitimate inquiry, as it is concerning Tennyson or Hugo, is yet a minor one. The important thing here is to accept the stories for what they are worth, and as much of the verse as appeals to us. The stories are all good, and generally pretty candid about their hero's weaknesses. As to their accuracy, more sober history raises a doubt in a few cases. The notes, it should be said, are excellent. When sober history is silent we may accept the version of the contemporary biographer. Contemporary rumour, a too much maligned thing, is not to be sniffed at. Miss Farnell has translated a good many specimens of the verse with very fair skill. It will serve to satisfy the intelligent inquirer who wants to know the kind of material these famed singers were wont to use. For anything further a poet must serve us, as poets have in a few instances—

> "Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look
> Across the waters to this twilight nook,
> —The far sad waters, Angel, to this nook!"

There is nothing literal about this, but Rudel's love for his far-off lady in Tripoli is brought near to us. Yet we are glad to have Miss Farnell's versions. In many, especially the more vigorous ones, she is really successful.

> "When at night to sleep I'm fain,
> And think to find me eased of pain,
> Alack! I toss, and turn, and start,
> And think and think with heavy heart.
> Thereon, to sit awhile I rise,
> Then lay me down in restless wise;
> And first upon the right arm throw me,
> Then straight upon the left bestow me;
> Then suddenly do lay me bare;
> And, after such exertion vain,
> Both arms I outside fling again;
> And therewith, clasping hand in hand,
> Turn thoughts and eyes toward that dear land
> Where thou, my Lady fair, dost dwell,
> Not leaving aught that tongue can tell."

* "The Lives of the Troubadours." Translated from the Mediæval Provençal, with Introductory Matter and Notes, and with Specimens of their Poetry rendered into English. By Ida Farnell. 6s. net (Nutt.)

That gives us some idea of the anguish of the faithful Arnaut of Marvoil.

But, lacking really poetical renderings of the verse, we turn for chief interest to the Lives; and they are fascinating. Whatever the biographer's mood, candid or eulogistic, appreciative or the reverse; whatever his information, full or scanty, conscientious or obviously romantic, the naïveté, the directness, make instant appeal, and the matter is in nothing so surprising as its variety. They were not cut out of one piece of cloth, these old singers, however loyal they may have been to conventions of phrase. Both their point of view and their adventures are most diverse. There is the coxcomb, Peire Vidal, "the maddest of men," and an able fellow all the same, who "was wont to love whatsoever good ladies he set eyes on, and to seek their love; and all made assent unto his prayers; wherefore, though one and all beguiled him, he weened he was each lady's lover, and that each one was dying for his love." There was the bore, Guillem de la Tor—nevertheless a right faithful lover of his wife—who "when he would rehearse his canzones he was wont to make thereon a discourse longer than were the canzones themselves." There was the feigner of love—type of many poets—Hugh of Saint Circ (himself the writer of some of the biographies), "who never knew love, though with his fair words he could feign it, and tell in his canzones how he had sped with ladies. And well he knew with his verse and with his sayings to make or mar their fortunes; yet after he had taken a wife he left the making of these canzones." There was the austere and contemptuous Peire Cardinal, who wrote, "Love taketh not from me food or drink, causeth me not to feel heat or cold, to gape or sigh, to rage at night-time, or to be downcast and sore pressed; never did I hire messenger for it, nor have been betrayed by it, for I have separated myself from it as I have done from dice." Then there was the shy troubadour, Bernaut Arnaut. Rare man! "He made these coblers of her (Lady Lombarda) and straightway sent them to where she lodged, and gat him to horse, and without seeing her, departed into his own land." The Monk of Montaldon was a lively variety. Life in a cloister did not suit his temperament, so he begged for his convent in the world, then returned to his Abbot "showing him how he had advantaged the priory of Montaldon, and beseeching him to graciously empower him to order his life after the good pleasure of King Alphonso of Aragon. And the abbot granted it to him, and the king bade him to eat flesh, and pay court to ladies, and sing songs, and make poetry." But more than that, the ex-monk, like many another good strong-willed man, put his view of things into the mouth of the Almighty, who declared Himself displeased with his cloister life—

> "Songs I love and laughter bright,
> These great worth to life impart."

We might go on to speak of Bertrand de Biorn and of Sordello, but even then should not have mentioned half the varieties of a various and delightful race, the common knowledge of which is just a little too flippant.

AGLAVAINE AND SELYSETTE.*

The literary movement of our time has been a movement against the external and heterogeneous, and like all literary movements, its French expression is more intelligible and obvious than its English expression, because more extreme. When one compares "La Tentation de Saint Antoine" of Flaubert, the last great work of the old romantic movement, with the "Axël" of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, the first great work of the new romantic movement, one understands the completeness of the change. A movement which never mentions an external thing except to express a state of the soul, has taken the place of a movement which delighted in picturesque and bizarre things for their own sakes. M. Maeterlinck has called himself a disciple of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, who, in the words of a recent French critic, "opened the doors of the beyond with a crash that our generation might pass through them"—I quote from memory—but he has carried his master's revolt farther than his master, and made his persons shadows and cries. We do not know in what country they were born, or in what period they were born, or how old they are, or what they look like, and we do not always know whether they are brother and sister, or lover and lover, or husband and wife. They go hither and thither by well-sides, and by crumbling towers, and among woods, that are repeated again and again, and are as unemphatic as a faded tapestry; and they speak with low, caressing voices which one has to hold one's breath to hear. The old movement was full of the pride of the world, and called to us through a brazen trumpet; and the persons of "Axël" were lifted above the pride of the world, by the pride of hidden and august destinies, the pride of the Magi following the star over many mountains; but these souls are naked, and can little but tremble and lament. They have not hitherto needed to do more, for they were made to prolong the sense of terror Shakespeare put into the line, "the bay trees in my country are all withered," the terror at we do not know what, mixed with a pity for we do not know what, that we come to in contemplation when all reasons, all hopes, all memories have passed, and the Divine ecstasy has not found us. M. Maeterlinck has, however, made the persons of "Aglavaine and Sélysette" with a partly different purpose, for he has found a philosophy in his search for the quintessence, the philosophy of his beautiful "Trésor des Humbles," and he would have his persons speak out of its wisdom. It will make his plays more beautiful in time, for the serious fault of his best plays, even of "Les Aveugles" and "L'Intruse," is that they have not the crowning glory of great plays, that continual revery about destiny that is, as it were, the perfect raiment of beautiful emotions. Its immediate effect is mischievous, for Meleander and Aglavaine, his most prominent persons, continually say things, which they would say differently or not at all, if their maker were only thinking of them as persons in the play. The first act and part of the second act are a little absurd, because Meleander and Aglavaine explain when they should desire and regret; and because their overmastering sense of certain spiritual realities has blinded them to certain lesser realities, which natures of so high a wisdom could not have been blinded to; and because the art, which should be of a cold wisdom, has shared in their delusions and become a little sentimental. One is not indeed moved until the play begins to eddy about Meligrane, an old grandmother, Yssalene a child, and Sélysette, a child-like woman, persons whose natures are so narrowed because of forgotten and unknown things, that M. Maeterlinck cannot speak through their lips, but must let them speak as their destinies would have them speak. They speak more movingly than the persons of "Les Aveugles" or "L'Intruse," for though still hardly more than shadows and cries, they have each, as the persons in Shakespeare have, their portion of wisdom, while all they say is beautiful with the pathos of their little interests and their extreme weakness. I do not think M. Maeterlinck has indeed written anything as beautiful as one thing that is said by old Meligrane to her granddaughter, Sélysette.

> "So do I often think of those days, Sélysette. I was not ill, then, and I was able to carry you in my arms or run after you. . . . You wandered to and fro, and your laughter rang through the house, then suddenly you would fling open the door and shriek in terror, 'She is coming, she is coming, she is here!' And no one knew whom you meant, or what it was that frightened you; you did not know yourself; but I would pretend to be frightened too, and would go through the long corridors with you till we reached the garden. And it all went for so little, and served no purpose, my child; but we understood each other, you and I, and smiled at each other, night and morning. . . . And thus, thanks to you, have I been a mother a second time, long after my beauty had left me; and some day you will know that women never weary of motherhood, that they would cherish death itself, did it fall asleep on their knee."

W. B. YEATS.

* "Aglavaine and Sélysette." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (Grant Richards.)

WHAT GUNPOWDER PLOT WAS.*

This is the expected answer to Father Gerard's "What was the Gunpowder Plot?" published some months ago, and which was written to suggest that the plot was a 'put-up' job of Salisbury's, and had no serious significance at all.

* "What Gunpowder Plot Was." By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 5s. (Longmans.)

Dr. Gardiner accepts the latter assertion, but then nearly all modern historians have held that the affair was no evidence of a widespread Catholic conspiracy, but a mere isolated thing. Father Gerard's was both an honest and an ingenious attack on the popular tradition. He had waded through many documents and sought high and low for material bearing on the subject. But the industry of the amateur is defeated by the systematic habit of the trained historian, and Dr. Gardiner proceeds to dog the amateur from point to point and to defeat him, proving what seemed his weighty statements and accusations to be mere surmises. It is a very close bit of work, chapter and verse being given in every case, and entirely damaging to his opponent's powers of research. What Father Gerard succeeded in doing, however, was merely to wrest from the popular mind the idea that the Catholics in the early days of James I. were dangerously threatening the public weal. It needed all his detailed arguments and counter-accusations to bring even that about. And thus the matter rests, with the general, who will not dethrone their Guy Fawkes to give a horrid eminence to a Cecil they know nothing about. Dr. Gardiner, who knows all about him, declares them to be right, in the main, in this little work of great learning and close reasoning, the interest of which goes beyond one narrow controversy by its valuable discussion of the attitude of the government towards the Catholics in early Stuart times.

DR. GASQUET'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

The chief interest of Father Gasquet's new volume lies in two essays in which he attempts to show that the fourteenth century English Bible, generally known as Wycliffe's, is not really Wycliffe's at all, but an orthodox and authorised Catholic version. It is an audacious paradox, and is maintained with singular learning and ingenuity, although we get the impression rather of the controversialist than of the disinterested scholar, and feel that Father Gasquet is really less concerned to know who was the translator than to explode, if possible, what he regards as an ancient and popular Protestant myth. The earlier essay appeared in the *Dublin Review*, and won the modified assent of two such eminent authorities as Mr. F. D. Matthew and Mr. F. G. Kenyon. That is to say, it was admitted that the version in question was in orthodox use during the fifteenth century, and that the supposed hostility of the Church to the existence of vernacular Scripture had been exaggerated. But both critics refused to take the further step that Father Gasquet suggested to them, and discard the Wycliffe authorship of the version altogether. This indeed they could hardly do, in view of the evidence contained in two of the principal MSS. to the share taken by the Lollards, Nicholas of Hereford and John Purvey, in its composition. Father Gasquet was now in the position of a controversialist who had overreached himself. In combating the belief that the Church was opposed to an English Bible he had established the probability that a translation of purely heretical origin was so fair and straightforward a version of the original that it was accepted for practical use even by the orthodox. In his second essay, therefore, he slurs over the connection of Nicholas of Hereford and John Purvey with the book, and commits himself to the astounding thesis that there never was a Wycliffe translation at all. In support of this he proceeds to twist the literal sense of contemporary evidence in a way which to the detached scholar without much theological bias one way or the other appears entirely inexcusable. Indignation on this point need not, however, blind one to the great interest and charm of some of the minor essays in Father Gasquet's book, which deal with life and learning in the Benedictine monasteries.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

BY STROKE OF SWORD.†

There are writers with a genius for inventing titles whose pleasing or mysterious sound sells their books by the thousand before the worth or worthlessness of the inside be ever discovered. Mr. Balfour's genius lies rather in the framing of chapter-headings. Who would not set to the reading of a story in the most sympathetic mood, finding in its table of contents such items as these: "Of the Hollow Tree and the Eyes which Moved;" "Of what I heard in the Chimney, and the Man in the Archway;" "Of Our Lady the Virgin and the Gathering of the Sharks"? And there is something to be found if we follow the leading of these sign-posts. Mr. Balfour has a tender conscience about giving full measure to his readers. Indeed his measures run over; his stuff is squeezed and wasted. It must have been a grinding task to write "By Stroke of Sword," something like that of the variety entertainer with numerous rivals in the field, who will starve him out unless he cut a few capers more and cut them more boldly. He capers with difficulty, but with tremendous perseverance, belabouring his hero with cudgel and sword and every weapon of evil fortune for over three hundred pages. We are a poor, weak-nerved generation to-day, it is said. What wonder, if Master Jeremy Clephane's career be similar to those of our fathers? Such prodigality in adventure was more of a strain than the deep drinking of the last century. But there, that is to take a boy's play-book seriously, and as a real thing; while from first to last this one proclaims itself entirely artificial, made for the market, nevertheless displaying a fastidious conscience on the writer's part, if only a commercial one, in its strict adherence to the expected traditions of a story of the Elizabethan age, and in the generous amount of material it piles up at the doors of purchasers. Typical of the faults of its class—of the lifelessness of the string-pulled puppet heroes, of the strange mixture of old half-understood points of view, and the prejudices of the day—just because it excels most of them in the quantity of incident and the honest but nervous and restless efforts to amuse, "By Stroke of Sword" must seek its audience among boys whose gnawing hunger for the world of wonder outside the schoolroom is unappeasable by anything fine or subtle or merely true, which good gear is found, alas, in smaller parcels than suit their appetites.

It is noticeable that the illustrator of the story, Mr. Cubitt Cooke, has ignored the description of the hero so strongly insisted on by Mr. Balfour. The squat little dominie is turned out in the pictures as an elegant, well-formed youth.

* "The Old English Bible and Other Essays." By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. (Nimmo)

† "By Stroke of Sword." A Romance, taken from the Chronicles of Sir Jeremy Clephane, King's Justice and Knight of the Shire of Fife, overlooked by Master Judas Fraser, Dominie of the Parish of Kirktoun, and rendered into a more modern English by Andrew Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)

NOVEL NOTES

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING. By Guy Boothby. Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood. 6s. (Warne.)

Mr. Boothby has attempted a difficult thing, to transfer to his readers a sense, not merely of the interesting but of the fascinating. His beautiful and benign adventurer, Marie David de Méraut, King of the Médangs, must fail in his proposed effect if he be only the centre round which strange and stirring things are done, instead of the inspiring reason why they are done, and done with a fire and grace that homage to none other can bring forth. Was Mr. Boothby himself fascinated by his own conception? We doubt it. But he wished to be, and looked to our approval to strengthen his conviction. And we wish to be also, which is enough to make the story maintain in us a certain attitude of expectancy, as might the presence in the next room of some hero or charmer, the hum of adoration round whom just reaches our isolation. There may be a few readers more susceptible to the elegant virtues and the romantic statesmanship of King Marie than we are; but, on the whole, we fear the book must rest its claims on what it gives us in the way of downright adventure—the capture of a kingdom by a wandering soldier of fortune, his resistance of the French in his far East kingdom, and his defeat of treachery. This is all good enough—till the end, which is just a little sugary; and "The Fascination of the King" deserves to be a favourite of the holidays, even if it has missed its higher ambition of presenting us with a subtly attractive and arresting human portrait,

AN ALTRUIST. By Ouida. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Wilfrid Bertram, the younger son of a peer, was "an altruist, a collectivist, a Fourrierist, an Engelist, a Tolstoiist," says his biographer. How he managed to be all of these simultaneously she does not explain, but Mr. Bertram was not a clear-headed person and would not have very readily perceived differences between the various heresies against Society as it is. He was a stupid, well-meaning, and rather rude young man. Ouida alternately pokes fun at him in a ponderous way and holds him up as a noble example to the selfish class from which he springs; but he is too poor a creature to be satisfactory either as butt or as hero. Ouida is always a crude satirist, and both in the world of opinion and the world of the common people, both of which she ventures into here, she is alike a stranger. But she has not taken even ordinary pains in this clumsy little book.

FIERCEHEART THE SOLDIER. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Innes.)

It is not with his own voice that Mr. Snaith speaks as yet, but he uses other men's tones with vigour and readiness, proving himself by certain Meredithean chapters to be possessed of a very good ear, an excellent possession for one whose purpose in life is to string words together. He is a young writer of great talent and energy, with at present a preference for finding his matter in other ages than his own. "Fierceheart" is a tale of the Jacobite rebellion, with the ever effective motive of father and son serving different sides. It is a stirring tale, whose incidents make a reader's time pass brightly enough; but we doubt if Mr. Snaith's invention and narrative power be equal to his native shrewdness. If historical romance ceases one day to satisfy his ambition, he is not likely to fail in the analysis or the presentation of modern character. The borrowed mannerisms, the worn conventions he has used with a bright sense of the picturesque, but we hope he may soon trust himself without their artificial aids to attraction.

KALLISTRATUS. An Autobiography. By A. H. Gilkes. With Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. 6s. (Longmans.)

Perhaps Hannibal does not sound very promising as the hero of a romance. It may be thought that a book that should adopt him as such must be meant to sweeten the lesson-time of schoolboys and schoolgirls. And it is true the Carthaginian is treated with perhaps an excess of sentimentality. But there are qualities in Mr. Gilkes's story which place it far above the sweetened concoctions of history and morality made for the young, and also far above the ordinary heroic romance as it is written to-day. His personages, not merely the great general, but Kallistratus and his kinsfolk, exiled Greeks in the West, are real men and women, who feel and act under recognisable conditions, and who are not persecuted by their creator into a ceaseless, senseless round of adventure. Mr. Gilkes does not trust to action alone for the interest of the tale, because he knows he has other things to offer. Kallistratus is a tragic figure nobly conceived, a man who has been irresistibly drawn to the great Hannibal's side, and as irresistibly drawn away by his worldly instincts, but who knows long before the end how his career was doomed from the hour of his desertion; for a mere strain of the ideal in his nature is enough to blast the prospects of any worldling.

MY LORD DUKE. By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (Cassell.)

To the dry vigour of Mr. Hornung's earlier stories some qualities have been recently added, a geniality and a deftness, which promise to make him one of our pleasantest light story writers. He is still faithful to Australian subjects, but here the scenes pass in the old country, mainly in a noble mansion, to which, along with a title and fortune, a rough bushman suddenly finds himself heir. When he is learning civilisation and getting to tolerate it for the sake of a girl he has fallen in love with, comes the traditional villain with the documents that prove him the wrong man. After that there is a lively game between plotters and lawyers and amiable disinterested claimants. The end is a surprise, an agreeable one, which displays a picture of vice reformed, true love rewarded, and worldliness cheated, everything happening exactly as things should happen in a well-regulated world. The bushman, duke *pro tem.*, is a fine fellow; his virtues and eccentricities are freshly treated; and indeed in his tamer state we like him even better than when in his frank and amiable barbarism he startled London Society. The only scenes that bore us are those where the very dull and very minor artists are rather feebly satirised.

THE LAST STROKE. By Lawrence L. Lynch. 3s 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

America sends us excellent detective stories, far better planned and knit together on the whole than are our home-grown ones; and "The Last Stroke" is the latest addition to the list. It is a real success. Not that it baffles you as do the best of its kind. Even had there been no sensational and tell-tale picture on the cover, we should have guessed the delicate, pathetic Mrs. Jamieson to be the criminal. But why and how she was the criminal remains till the end enough of a mystery to draw the reader on to watch the clear, business-like unravelling of the plot. And then Ferrars, the detective, is charming, a cross between King Arthur and a servant of the Inquisition.

SIBYL FOSTER'S LOVE STORY, or The Country Cousin. By Lady Watkin Williams. 6s. (Chapman.)

This story must have a history. It was, we feel sure, written in the earliest Victorian times, and has been resuscitated as an interesting relic in this year of Jubilee. We have lost the art and the style of the thing now. We can be solemn, it is true; but our solemnity gathers round other things than the squirearchy and the lesser nobility and the pretty, well-brought-up country maiden. With these we are now at our ease; but this writer apostrophises them, and describes their doings with an upturned look in which there is no grimace. It has relations even with a yet earlier and a livelier epoch by the bold character of its lady-villain; but its respectability is amply maintained by the picture of the virtuous and impossible Quakeress, the charitable caricature of whom must make the soberest Friend smile broadly. The "love story" is complicated according to the legitimate traditions of evangelical romance, and draws decently to its right conclusion, the engagement of the severed lovers, which takes place, as might be expected, in no commonplace drawing-room or unhallowed flower-garden, but in a sacred edifice: "With Sibyl, tears, smiles, and blushes contended, she put her hand in his, whispered, 'Frank, my king, my love,' and they exchanged their first kiss, there in the shadow of the tomb, but with the radiant light of heaven streaming in on their bowed heads, etc."

A PRINCESS OF ISLAM. By J. W. Sherer. 6s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

The marriage of an Englishman with the niece of the Nawab Hussain Khan, reigning Prince of Ling, forms the basis of this story, a poor story, with one interesting personage in it, the Princess Noor-oon-Nissa. Through no fault of her Western husband, but as the result of strange and contrary circumstances, this lady finds herself after a time in the position of deserted wife. Long seclusion within the curtain has not deadened her passions, and Wilton and his new happiness would have received some deadly blow had it not been for the restraint of an English friend, and the gradual growth in the Mohammedan lady's mind of reason and charity which overmastered her desire for revenge. The process is described in a lengthy way; the narrative is distinctly dull; and it is only safe to recommend the book to those whose interest in Eastern life is keen enough to read it for the familiarity shown by Mr. Sherer with Mohammedan character and custom.

BLIND LARRY. Irish Idylls. By Lewis Macnamara. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

The quiet unstrained power of Mr. Macnamara's work must be owned by every reader of these idylls of Irish rustic life. It is useless to compare him with others who employ the same material successfully, and to award greater or less praise. He has his own voice, and though it be not a very lusty or masculine one, it is simple, sincere, and sympathetic. His tales are true pictures of Irish country life and character on their milder sides, we feel sure; and their fun is genuine if it be subordinate to the pathos. He uses the quaint conceits of wondering peasants with skill, and if this reason why a ship should take longer on the way home from America than on the way out be an old story, it is

woven discreetly into the simple texture of old Larry's mind. "They tells me 'tis down a ship goes an' she sailin' out, till on'y the masts av her is to be seen, an' then thim goes too; an' if she have the fall av the hill wid her goin', won't she have it agin her comin' back?"

IN CAMP AND CANTONMENT. Stories of Foreign Service. By E. E. Cuthell. 3s. 6d. (Hurst.)

Faintly reminiscent of the "Plain Tales from the Hills," that is of Mr. Kipling's less agreeable work, Mrs. Cuthell's stories must depend mainly on Anglo-Indians for an audience. Her familiarity with their concerns, their topics, their slang, their standard jokes, is most intimate, and of an India outside these there is never a word. Her work is vivacious; in the good portions and the bad it is never flat. She has no little talent for bright narrative. But her best stories are little more than pleasant anecdotes—the humour being never above the level of school-boy joking—while the worst are vulgar after a fashion that needs an experience in an Anglo-Indian hill-station to condone.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LECTURES ON ART. By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. Fourth and Enlarged Edition, with Photogravure Portrait. (Chapman and Hall.)

Some of these lectures date back as far as 1869, and speak of a state of things that no longer exists. But if the interest of these be mainly historical, others refer to controversies not yet settled, and to subjects of perennial interest. Originally addressed to young art students, they are by no means technical; and are excellently adapted for the general intelligent public. With regard to the newer developments of art to-day, Sir Edward speaks without much sympathy, but moderately, and as conceiving it to be his first duty to call attention to the achievements of the great masters of the past, who did in their own superb manner what the new men of to-day are trying to do in another fashion untried yet by time. One lecture on "Old and New Art" would be specially useful to the lay mind, if one could be assured it would not be all accepted as gospel. Its expansion of the thesis that the imitation of Nature is not the main purpose of the artist is what nine out of ten British visitors in art galleries need to be told. But Sir Edward in the same lecture does not speak with wisdom of landscape nor of portrait-painting. Of more general interest is his controversy with Mr. Ruskin both with respect to that great writer and most fallible critic's foolish attacks on Michael Angelo, and his pernicious counsel on the practical study of art. There the President speaks with much good sense and a courteous frankness which was not so easy towards Mr. Ruskin twenty years ago as it would be to-day.

DIARY OF A TOUR THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN IN 1795. By the Rev. William MacRitchie. With Introduction and Notes by David MacRitchie. 6s. (Elliot Stock.)

This Scottish minister of the last century knew the art of travelling. He was not encumbered with prejudices, not being a typical Scottish minister at all; he was interested in nearly everything, from architecture to the state of the crops, an indefatigable sightseer, and a very unaffected recorder of what he saw and did, whether describing the scenery or a tea-drinking with Miss Nancy and Miss Mary. This journey from Perthshire to London and back to Edinburgh, the great event of his life, was undertaken with that serious cheerfulness which marks the born traveller; and on the few occasions when he shows irritability we see plainly that blundering circumstances were at fault. A keen botanist and geologist, he was not always peering at strata or specks on the ground; his romantic soul loved to scent the character and the associations of a place, and woe unto the place and inhabitants if they did not behave according to their highest possibilities. "The south side of the Pentlands a very pleasant pastoral scene, where the gentle shepherd tends his feeding flocks. Saw, with some surprise indeed, a shepherd reclining on a green hill by the side of the way, busied in reading a *Newspaper*. 'Curse on French politics!' said I, 'for they will ruin our country.' This fellow would be better employed gathering plants as I am, and at the same time taking care of his sheep. If he has not the felicity at this moment to congratulate himself on his having been born a Scots herd, I both pity and despise him. But what business has he with that newspaper? . . . I like liberty as much as any man; the liberty of the press is certainly a great blessing; but alas! the very best of blessings are too often abused." Every romantic traveller amongst us can sympathise. For we too have found our shepherds reading newspapers when they should only have been looking picturesque. There is much human nature besides antiquarian interest in the diary.

THE COUNSELS OF WILLIAM DE BRITAINE. By. H. H. Sturmer. (F. O. Robinson.)

William de Britaine was a late seventeenth century ethical writer. For his identity the preface of this book should be consulted, for Mr. Sturmer has made careful if not very fruitful researches. Whoever he was, he wrote some shrewd counsels on morals and the general conduct of life, in a style which, while not that of a great writer, showed him to be a man of originality and force. His "Humane Prudence" was, at least, a book. But Mr. Sturmer's edition is not the one to seek him in. It shows De Britaine revised, rewritten, in fact—perhaps improved technically, but De Britaine no longer. Mr. Sturmer is perfectly candid about the matter; so must we be in declaring him altogether wrong. When we came to Section II., "Of Religion," and read the note: "I am somewhat responsible for the general tone of this section. De Britaine's text contains in places a seventeenth century narrowness of outlook," we had no further interest in the matter. Yet, if Mr. Sturmer writes of Religion independently, we shall gladly read his work, and almost certainly find it good.

BEAUTY AND ART. By Aldam Heaton. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Heaton's general reflections are often puerile; his criticisms are the expressions of his own likes and dislikes; and thus the theoretical side of his book is not of much value. But addressing architects, cabinet-makers, and householders, he often gives excellent advice, which shows him a slave to no particular school of decoration and design. On this account we heartily recommend his little work; and call special attention to his chapter on the Furniture and Decoration of the eighteenth century, with its copious references to the authorities on the subject.

THE AGE OF MILTON. By J. H. B. Masterman. With Introduction, etc., by J. B. Mullinger. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

One of a useful series of literary handbooks designed both for the class-room and the general reader, the inequalities of the present volume may be set down in part to the joint authorship. There is a want of unity of purpose in it, portions seeming to be addressed to elementary students of literature, others showing critical power of a high order. There is an excellent chapter on Hobbes and the Cambridge Platonists; and the Milton part is good, in matter at least. But in the criticism of the writers of the second order, valuable space is often wasted in weak and meaningless phrases. To say that Herbert's "quaintness often gives a certain charm to his conceits," and that his popularity is largely owing to his having been the "poet of a great Church movement," comes very near nonsense.

REPRINTS.

Among recent notable reprints should be mentioned Messrs. Macmillan's two-volume edition of Green's "Making of England," which they have included in their pretty and convenient Eversley series. Hill Burton's "History of Scotland," now being sent out in an excellent popular edition by Messrs. Blackwood, should fill a gap in many libraries. Among issues of the classics Messrs. Bell's "Swift," most carefully edited, deserves honourable notice; as does also Chapman's version of Homer's "Odyssey," in Messrs. Dent's altogether satisfactory Temple Classics. The issue of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" in a popular form should be a matter for wide congratulation. Vols. I. and II., already issued, do not contain pictures, but we believe the forthcoming volumes will show that the illustrations reproduced by a cheaper process will bear the scrutiny of fastidious critics.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAILEY, J.—Sunday School Teaching, 1/6 .....Culley
BANKES, J. S.—The Tendencies of Modern Theology, 3/6 .....Kelly
Conference of Bishops of the Anglican Communion, July, 1897. Encyclical Letter, with Resolutions and Reports, 8d. S.P.C.K.
CORFE, R. P. C.—The Anti-Christian Crusade; or, Official Attacks on Christians, 1/6.....Simpkin
EVERARD, Rev. G.—The Wrong Train; or, Common Mistakes in Religion, 1/-.....Nisbet
JONES, J. C.—Primeval Revelation, 6/-.....Hodder
Kingdom of God, The, 1/- .....Stock
[*Introduction to what is meant to be a consecutive edition of the English Bible, being "the Authorised Version, with emendations from the Revised Version of* 1881-5 *and other sources, so arranged as to display both its perfect unity and the diversity of its parts." This Introduction is sent out as a specimen of the editor's methods and plan, and suggestions are invited by him.*]
LEWIS, Rev. F. W.—Jesus Son of God, 2/6..... Stock
[*Described by the author as "a miniature of what should be a Life of Christ," the gifts for writing which he modestly disclaims. The personality of Christ is more insisted on than the doctrine.*]
LIDGETT, J. S.—The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement, 5/- Kelly
[*The 27th Fernley Lecture, delivered in Leeds, July,* 1897. *A comprehensive survey of the views on the Atonement held by eminent theologians, and an emphatic appeal to Christians to give the doctrine its due prominence.*]
MARSH, Pastor F. E.—Five Hundred Bible Readings, 6/-....Marshall
MIDDLETON, Rev. W.—Alpha and Omega, or God in Human Life, 3/6 Morgan
Modern Reader's Bible: Daniel and the Minor Prophets, 2/6 Macmillan
Oxford House Papers, 3rd Series, 2/6.....Longmans
PEEK, F.—The English Church, the Priest, and the Altar Lawrence & Bullen
[*A grave warning against the spread of Sacerdotalism within the Church of England.*]
PIERSON, A. T.—Shall We Continue in Sin? the Substance of an Address, 2/6.....Marshall
Pulpit Commentary Reissue: 2 Chronicles, 6/-.....K. Paul
PULSFORD, J.—The Jealousy of God, and other papers, 1/6..J. C larke
ROBINSON, Rev. C. H.—Mohammedanism: Has it any Future? 1/6 Gardner, Darton
Sermons at Commemoration of Founders of the King's School, Canterbury, 1887-1896, 3/6.....Longmans
STURMER, H. H.—The Counsels of William de Britaine, 3/6
[*See p.* 158.] Robinson
Test of the Truth, A, by Oxoniensis, 1/6.....Stock
[*Addressed to those compassed by intellectual doubts as to the truth of Christianity.*]
WEAVER, RICHARD.—Life Story, edited by Rev. J. Paterson, 3/6 Morgan & Scott

FICTION.

After Her Death, the Story of a Summer, by Author of "The World Beautiful," 3/6.....Low
BALFOUR, A.—By Stroke of Sword, 6/-.....Methuen
[*See p.* 156.]
BALZAC, H. de.—Seraphita, trans. by C. Bell, 3/6.....Dent
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